

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

# *The* **WIDEWORLD**

THE  
MAGAZINE  
FOR MEN  
MARCH 1953

1/6





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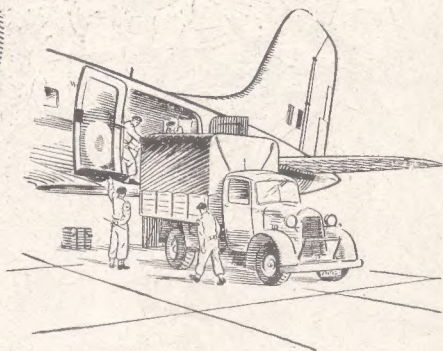
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MARCH

1953



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"THE FOUR MEN ESCAPED IN THEIR BOAT." (SEE PAGE 325.)



# THE TREASURE-MAP

By WILMON MENARD

**T**HE white man landed from the copra-schooner at Rikitea village — on the island of Manga Reva, in the Gambier

Group, South Pacific—late one morning in May, 1946. His name was Brian Fairchild, and he was an Australian, aged thirty-five, dark-haired and clean-cut. A few months previous to his arrival I had met him accidentally in the Bougainville Club in Papeete, Tahiti, more than a thousand miles to the north-west of the Gambiers. At the time he had been drinking pretty deeply, and became over-talkative about a map he had purchased from some unnamed individual in Melbourne, Australia. This map, according to Fairchild, indicated the location of a buried pirate treasure. He did not tell me on what particular island the golden hoard was supposed to be hidden, but his presence in Tahiti, so near the Tuamotus, or Dangerous Islands, convinced me that he could only have one legendary cache in mind. He was not the first European—or Polynesian, for that matter—who had come to Papeete seeking stolen loot.

"I expect you're referring to the Peruvian gold that's supposed to be concealed somewhere on Pinaki Atoll, in the Tuamotu Group," I said, quietly.

Fairchild's face clouded. "That's right," he replied, quickly. "But how did you know?"

"The story of treasure hidden on Pinaki has been current gossip here for years," I explained. "Several expeditions have gone to the Dangerous Islands searching for it, but nobody has ever found anything."

"Maybe they hadn't a map to guide them," suggested Fairchild.

The Author—formerly a South Sea trader—relates a truly remarkable story. It deals with chests of gold and jewels said to have been buried many years ago on a remote Pacific island, a map of the hiding-place, a mysterious tragedy, and a thrilling man-hunt that brought Nemesis to a cunning murderer.

"Some of them did have maps," I retorted. "Every blessed one was supposed to be the only genuine chart in existence, but all the parties came back empty-handed."

The Australian frowned and sat up in his chair.

"Look here," he said, earnestly. "I've invested my life-savings in this map, my trip here, and the price of chartering a schooner to go to the Tuamotus. I'm no fool, I reckon I know when I'm on the track of a good thing."

"I was only trying to put you wise," I remarked, soothingly. "One never knows, perhaps you'll be the lucky one!"

I had been endeavouring, of course, to dissuade this likeable stranger from embarking on what I considered a futile quest, but apparently he had set his mind on it. Far too many good fellows, I considered, had already lost their hard-earned money hunting for the stolen gold alleged to have come originally from Pisco, Peru. I was one of them myself! Mentally I recalled how, some years previously, I had "invested" eight hundred dollars with a plausible individual named Charlie Howe. Under cover of strict secrecy he showed me a map which, he claimed, would lead us to the exact spot where the Peruvian loot lay hidden. One day, however, this spell-binder vanished, taking with him several thousand dollars entrusted to him by credulous dupes, and was never seen again. Remembering that bitter experience, I had lost all interest in buried pirate gold.

## THE CHINESE TRADER

Despite my well-meant efforts to discourage Fairchild from seeking wealth that probably didn't exist, he went ahead with his plans, and one sunny day just before noon, he stepped ashore, as already related, at Rikitea village on Manga Reva Island. He went at once to a small Chinese trading-store owned and operated by one Lai Ching, a Cantonese of sixty, who had spent





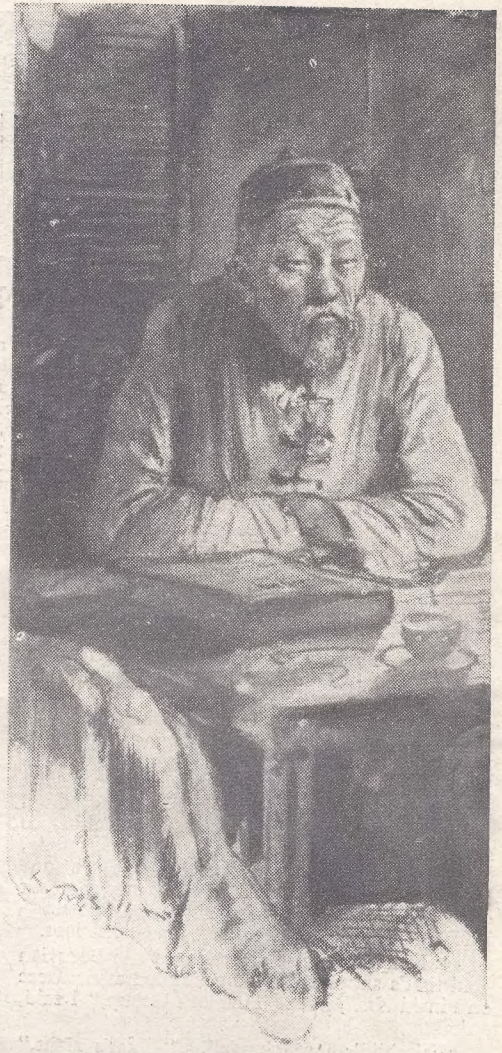
more than forty years selling supplies and trading for copra and pearl shell among the island groups of Eastern Polynesia. Fairchild had in his wallet a letter of introduction from a friend of Lai Ching's in Papeete. This Tahiti merchant had assured the Australian that Lai Ching was not only an honest man, but always open to consider speculative propositions that offered the possibility of handsome profits. A buried treasure would undoubtedly appeal to him!

Hearing booted footsteps on his veranda, Lai Ching glanced up from his ledger and observed the visitor, immediately deciding that he liked the look of him. That night the lamp in the trader's back room burned late as the two men sat opposite one another at a small table, conversing in eager tones. The light shone on the yellow, parchment-like face of the old Oriental, and the expression in his slanted eyes became more intense as he listened to the exhilarating words of the visitor. Lai Ching had often heard of the lost Peruvian gold, and the fact that this amiable young man had by some wonderful stroke of fortune come into possession of a map, ostensibly drawn by one of the pirates, stirred his normally-phlegmatic mind very deeply.

All the same, the trader did not act on impulse. Having spent so long a time in the islands and atolls of the far South Pacific he knew only too well what had happened to other treasure-seeking parties. More than sixteen separate attempts had been made to locate this particular hoard—all of them unsuccessful. Some of the fortune-hunters had ventured into the Dangerous Isles with insufficient funds, and been compelled to give up almost before they started work, but others had large schooners, expensive equipment, and plenty of capital. Despite such advantages, each and every one had failed—some of them disastrously. Over four-score native divers had perished while scouring the bottom of certain atoll lagoons in the Tuamotus; three white men had become mentally deranged over their disappointment, and two had committed suicide. No fewer than seven schooners had struck coral reefs and sunk, with a loss of twenty-four lives. So far as the financial aspect was concerned, something like half-a-million dollars had been lost on treasure-hunting expeditions since 1904. That was the year the schooner *Herman*, from New York, sailed into Papeete with a party of eager gold-hunters aboard and secured permission from the French Colonial authorities to seek the pirate cache. This expedition, like its predecessors, ended in failure. Its backers went bankrupt, necessitating the forced sale of the schooner to the Tahiti Sugar and Commercial Company, who converted her into a trading vessel, renaming her *Robetta*. On September 22nd, 1929, she was wrecked on a reef at the atoll of Fakahina, where her bleached ribs are still to be seen. Even to-day the natives call her "the pirate gold ship."

So, while the rain beat ceaselessly upon the corrugated-iron roof of Lai Ching's store, and the South Pacific thundered on the Gambier reefs, the two men discussed the history of the lost treasure. Each was able to supply details the other did not know.

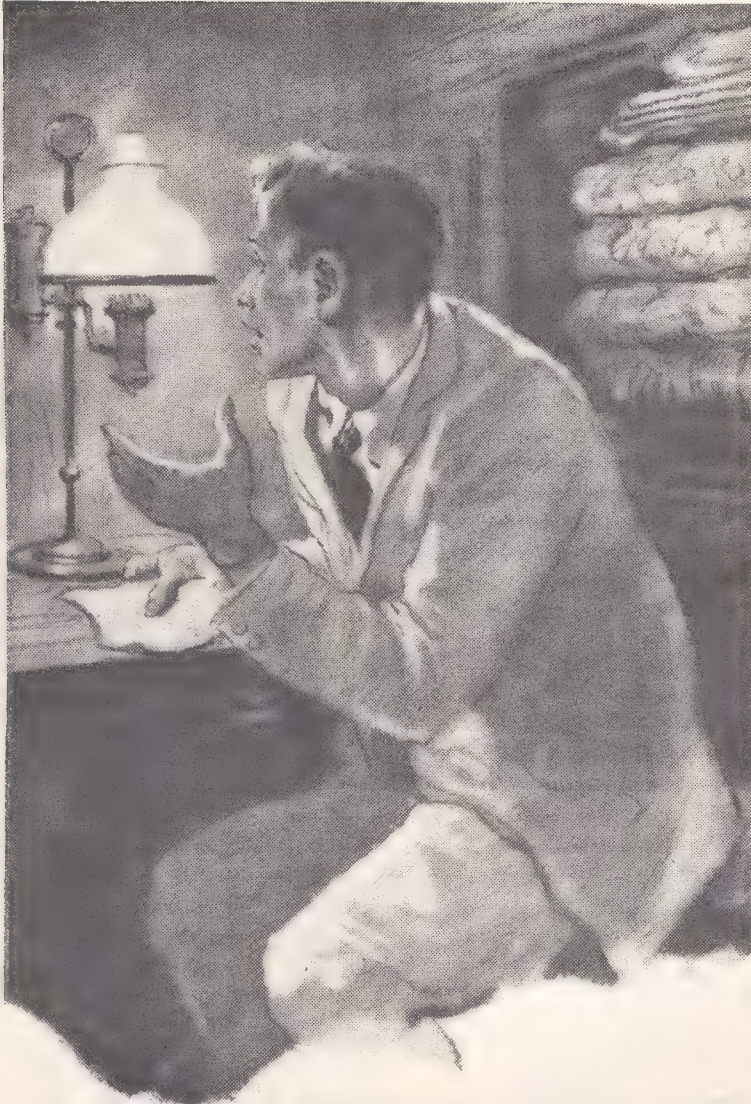
According to the legend, eight chests filled with golden ingots and precious stones were stolen in 1860 during a war between Chile and Peru. Four Americans, who had joined the



Peruvian army as mercenaries, learned of their existence from a scheming Peruvian in Pisco whose father, at the behest of the Church authorities, had buried the ecclesiastical treasures beneath the floor of the ancient cathedral; with war raging, and revolution imminent, the dignitaries feared for the safety of their valuables. This rascal, having bargained for a share of the loot, acted as the Americans' guide when they broke into the building by night and dug up the precious hoard, but directly the thieves had loaded the chests on a waiting wagon they cut the wretched Peruvian's throat. A small clerk carried the treasure and the villainous quartet out of the little Peruvian port of Pisco, and thenceforth they vanished. When the robbery was discovered the Government instituted a search for the vessel, but owing to the war and internal strife it was unable to carry out an effective pursuit, and ultimately the gold and jewels were written off as a total loss. Before this happened, however, they had communicated with other nations, requesting notification if any of the stolen property was offered for sale. No information ever came to hand.

Rumour had it that the vanished loot had





"The light shone on the old Oriental, and the expression in his slanted eyes became more intense."

been cached in the Tuamotu Islands, and when spurious maps began to circulate in secret most of them indicated Pinaki *atoll*, on the southern fringe of the group, as the actual hiding-place. In 1860, as a matter of fact, the French colonial authorities in Papeete, Tahiti, and the administrator at Fakarava *Atoll*, in the Tuamotus, both received reports from natives of Nukutavake *Atoll*, adjoining Pinaki, describing the landing of a longboat from a ketch-rigged sailing-vessel at Pinaki. The bearded men in this boat fired rifles at curious natives who paddled too close, causing them to retreat hastily. Next morning, when the Nukutavake folk returned in force to take the unfriendly whites to task they found the ketch had departed, and she was never heard of again.

#### A STARTLING STORY

On July 4th, 1912, a missionary on Thursday Island, off the northern tip of Australia, was

awakened by a faint rapping on his door. There he found a white-haired old beachcomber known to the Europeans and natives as "Mad Mat." This man told the missionary that he believed he was dying, and wished to make a confession before it was too late.

The old wanderer told a strange and startling story. According to his account, his name was Corcoran, and he was one of the four robbers who had stolen the gold and jewels from the cathedral at Pisco, Peru, over fifty years previously! Their ketch had been destroyed by fire, due to an overturned stove, four days after leaving Pinaki, where they had buried their loot. The four men escaped in their boat, but as they drifted endlessly over the empty sea two of them died and a third went raving mad and jumped overboard. Left alone, Corcoran finally contrived to reach Avarua, Rarotonga (in the Cook Group, west of Tahiti) where he told a faked-up tale of shipwreck while on a voyage from Pago Pago, Samoa. He had never been able to organize an expedition to go back

to Pinaki and recover the hidden loot.

"Mad Mat" died swearing his story was absolutely true and that the treasure was no figment of his imagination, but actually existed. Before he breathed his last he drew a map showing its exact location on the *Atoll*. The missionary handed this to a native policeman on "Thursday," who thought so little of it that he used it to pay off a debt at a Chinese shop! The trader concerned sent the chart to a cousin in Melbourne who, many years later, was able to interest Fairchild in the faded scrap of paper.

So much for the story the Australian and Lai Ching pieced together as they sat talking far into the night. It may not be correct—the alleged treasure may never even have existed—but this summary embodies all the known details as to this mysterious hoard.

Not till the small hours of morning did



Fairchild finally leave the trading-store. Agreement had been reached between the two men, and the pact was later written down, signed by both parties, and witnessed by a close friend of Lai's in Rikitea village. Lai Ching would invest two thousand five hundred dollars in Fairchild's expedition; there would be no other partners. A schooner was to be chartered; diving suits and pumps hired from Pedro Miller or Victor Berge, veteran pearl-diving operators of French Oceania; labourers engaged; and supplies purchased for a three-months' search at Pinaki. Explosives and detonators would have to come from Papeete, but if everything went as scheduled they ought to be landing at Pinaki within a month.

Both men pledged themselves to strict secrecy; they did not relish the idea of schemers shadowing them to the *atoll* and perhaps claiming part of the loot. To all appearances they were merely going on a pearl-diving trip to the Tuamotus. Lai Ching was by nature close-mouthed, and did not mention his partnership with Fairchild to anyone. The Australian, however (as I well knew) had a bad habit of becoming loquacious when in drink, and before long every native on Manga Reva knew that the good-looking white *tane* and the *Timito* Lai Ching were about to leave in quest of buried treasure.

Fairchild's inability to hold his tongue was destined to cost him his life!

#### TRAGEDY!

Ten days after the Australian arrived on the island the native woman who tidied up the hut where he lived alone arrived early one morning to prepare his usual breakfast of coffee, rolls and *papaya*. She went towards his bedroom, where it was her custom to nudge him gently into wakefulness. But on the threshold she stopped short, her eyes widening in horror; then she screamed, dropped the tray of food and fled as if pursued by demons. It was only after considerable effort that Viri, the native *gendarme* of Rikitea, who

intercepted her on the beach, was able to get the hysterical woman to speak coherently.

"*Popaa pohe!*" she cried at last, beside herself with terror. "The white man is dead!"

Thereupon, followed by scores of villagers, the policeman rushed back up the beach to Fairchild's *fare*. What Viri saw there convinced him that murder had been committed. There was no corpse to be found, but blood was spattered everywhere, indicating a terrific struggle. The bed had been completely smashed, as if heavy bodies locked in fierce embrace had fallen on it; the small table beside the bed, a chair, and a cupboard had been knocked over and splintered. Fairchild's belongings were strewn about the three small rooms which comprised the hut. A trail of bloodstains led from the bedchamber and across the living-room to the veranda and steps, where it ended abruptly; the rain of the previous night had obliterated the course the killer had evidently taken with the body.

The motive for the crime was undoubtedly robbery; Fairchild was known to possess money, but this had now vanished. The murderer, of course, could also have been seeking the treasure-map, which was likewise missing.

The grim-faced Viri promptly arrested old Lai Ching on suspicion, but to everyone's surprise the Chinese had a watertight alibi. The previous day he had sailed to Agokautai Island, just inside the south-west reef-passage of the Gambier Group to inspect certain groves of coffee-bushes, neglected for some years, which he contemplated cultivating again for local consumption. He had returned exactly two hours after the native woman had made her tragic discovery in Fairchild's hut. When the native skipper of the inter-island cutter confirmed Lai Ching's story of his trip the perplexed *gendarme* had no option but to release him.

Lai readily admitted that the Australian had shown him the map, and was convinced that the killer had come to Fairchild's hut at dead of night mainly in order to secure this all-important document. When the thief was



The anchorage at Manga Reva Island.





Papeete, Tahiti, where the Author first met Fairchild.

surprised in the act of rifling the white man's baggage a desperate battle ensued. Fairchild had only his fists, but the murderer must have carried a keen-bladed knife.

A thorough search of the entire Gambier Group failed to reveal even the slightest clue to the identity of the killer or any trace of poor Fairchild's body. Manga Reva's lagoons and beaches were systematically combed by veteran pearl-divers; the valleys and slopes were carefully inspected for freshly-turned earth. The murderer, seemingly, had some knowledge of criminal law; he realized that, if eventually tracked down, he could not be convicted on

circumstantial evidence alone, and without the *corpus delicti* the French authorities' case would fall to pieces.

This argued that a European must be concerned; a full-blooded Polynesian would not have planned the crime so shrewdly. When I first received the news of Fairchild's death I felt fairly certain that a white man or a half-caste must be responsible.

Leaving my trading-post on Nukurua Atoll, I came in sight of Manga Reva just two weeks after the Australian's mysterious disappearance. Excitement was still at fever-pitch; no native would stir from his hut after dark.



The Author at the time of this story.



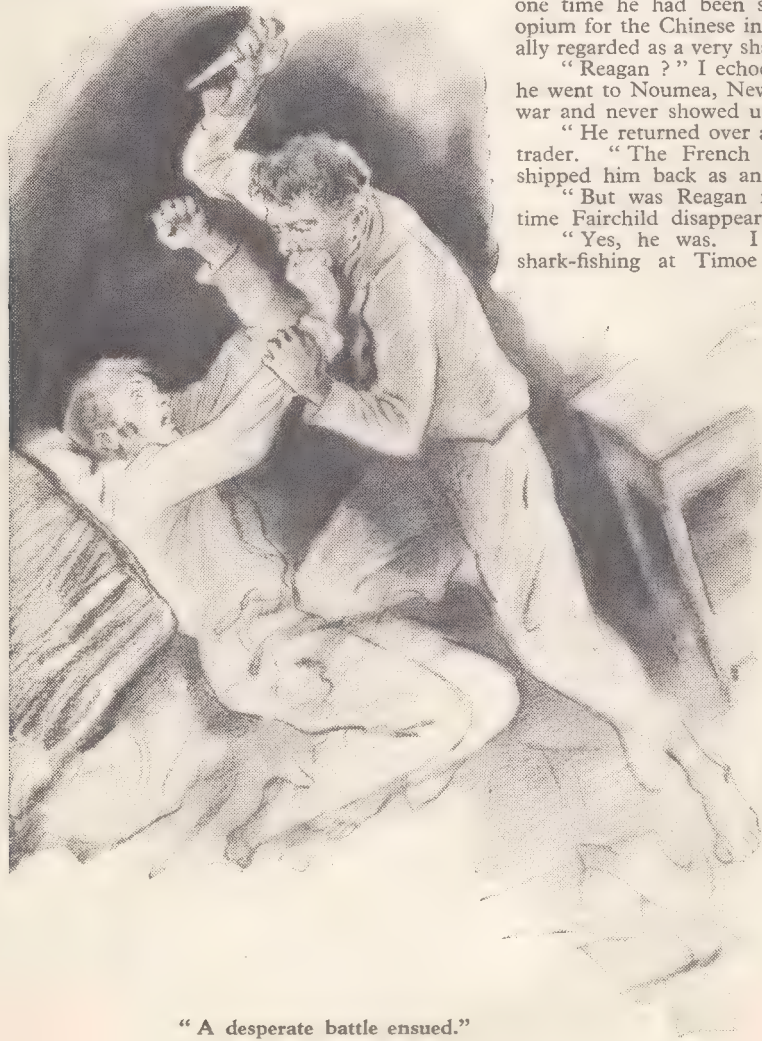
The ill-fated Brian Fairchild.



I lost no time in visiting Lai Ching. The moment we met I became convinced that he couldn't possibly have been the killer. He was an exceedingly frail old man and, even if armed, would have been no match for the hefty Australian; that desperate, long-drawn-out struggle in the darkness of the bedroom decisively eliminated the trader as a suspect.

### THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE

Before long it began to look as though the guilty wretch was going to escape scot-free, but Fate presently decreed that one purposeful man should bring about his doom. This representative of Nemesis was John Selden, a former trader at the pearl-island of Hikueru, and now living in retirement in Tahiti. John became deeply interested in the Fairchild case, and forthwith sailed to Manga Reva, where he proceeded to conduct an investigation on his own account. Patiently and methodically he examined the beaches, not a single inlet or small lagoon escaping his attention. In the course of this survey, using an outrigger canoe, he made a complete circuit of the island.



"A desperate battle ensued."

Finally his perseverance was rewarded. One morning he found a badly-decomposed human leg jammed into a crevice in the coral three feet under water near the eastern promontory of Manga Reva. Nearby he came upon the lower part of a jawbone. The teeth were still intact, even to some dental "bridgework" which he remembered to have been conspicuous when the Australian gave his wide, cordial grin. The killer, Selden decided, must have deliberately thrown the body of his victim into this particular section of Manga Reva's lagoon because he knew the lurking sharks would speedily destroy all trace of his dreadful handiwork.

"The moment I saw what the sharks had done to poor Fairchild," John Selden told me, "my thoughts flew to a half-caste I had met one day in Papeete. His name was Taroa Reagan, and he got a living by hunting sharks in the islands, salting the hides down and selling them on the Australian market as shagreen."

I had also encountered this Reagan, a tall, hard-faced individual, half Tahitian and half Irish who became a brawler and a drunkard when hanging round the bars in Papeete. At one time he had been suspected of smuggling opium for the Chinese in Tahiti, and was generally regarded as a very shady character.

"Reagan?" I echoed. "But I understood he went to Noumea, New Caledonia, during the war and never showed up again in Tahiti."

"He returned over a year ago," replied the trader. "The French authorities at Noumea shipped him back as an undesirable."

"But was Reagan in Manga Reva at the time Fairchild disappeared?"

"Yes, he was. I discovered he'd been shark-fishing at Timoe Island, only a short

distance to the south-east, and I calculated he could very easily have come to Rikitea in his sailing canoe during the night of the murder. Soon after the Australian landed here Reagan arrived in Rikitea to secure official permission to hunt sharks in the eastern lagoon, but the authorities refused it. That meant he had to go back to Timoe and continue with the diminishing supply there, but he stayed here long enough to pick up the native gossip about Fairchild and Lai Ching's contemplated trip to Pinaki to search for treasure. He must also have heard about the map, and certainly knew Fairchild had a tidy sum in French francs and Austra-



lian pound notes in his possession."

Selden's theory sounded plausible enough; I could picture the big half-caste covertly watching his intended victim strolling about the island, following him to drinking-places, and meanwhile working out his murderous plan.

"And what has happened?" I asked. "Have you put the police in Papeete on to him?"

"Unfortunately he was too quick for me," growled Selden. "He cleared out of Timoe in a hurry. He must have heard that Viri and I were looking for him—you know how natives gossip—and made a bolt for it. He even left his shark-hides on the beach! That strengthened my belief that he was the killer; he would never have abandoned a season's catch if he hadn't been mortally scared!"

"Are you still trailing him?"

"You bet I am!" snapped the trader. "Viri is aboard the schooner, with a couple of his men, and I hold a signed warrant for Reagan's arrest. He's somewhere in the Tuamotus, but exactly where we've got to find out, and running him down isn't going to be easy. Reagan knows these *atolls* better than the Tuamotuans themselves, and possesses a white man's cunning in addition to native shrewdness."

"Would you mind if I joined you in the hunt?" I inquired.

"I was hoping you'd ask me that!" he confessed, grinning. "You're familiar with the *atolls*, and I don't trust the dead-reckoning navigation of these native boys. You'll be very welcome!"

## STARTING A MAN-HUNT

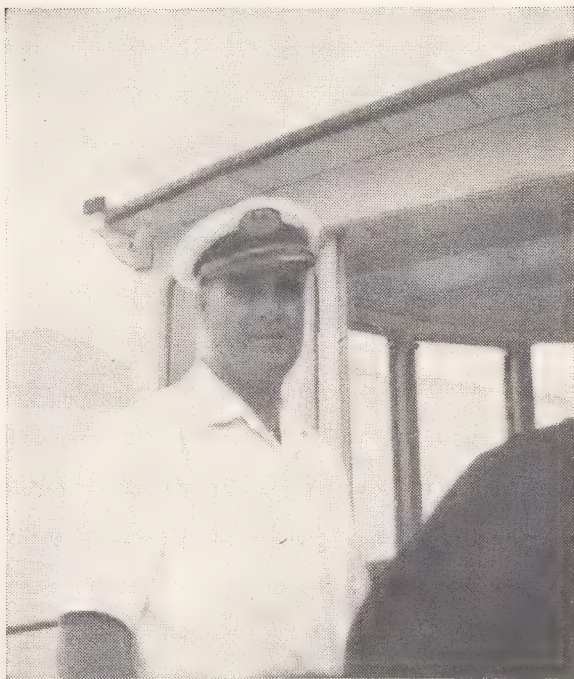
The following morning we set sail for Tenararo Island, a deserted *atoll* to the south, but a thorough search here revealed no trace of Reagan.

"This is certainly going to be a mighty difficult job," Selden remarked gloomily after our return to the schooner. "Visiting every coral island in the group will take weeks—maybe months!"

This was true enough; and there was also another factor to be considered. Reagan was obviously very crafty, and would not overlook the possibility of pursuit. He could easily stop at an *atoll*, conceal himself until we had departed discouraged, and then, after a discreet interval, continue on his way. I didn't care to dwell on this uncomfortable thought.

We stopped at Vahanga, Tenerunga, Maturei-Vavao, Marutea, and Maria Islands. There was no sign of the fugitive at any of these places, nor had the people sighted any sailing-canoe that might have been his.

One day I had a curious "hunch" that refused to be shaken off. "Listen, Selden," I said at last. "If he suspects he's being chased, what's to prevent Reagan changing his tactics? Supposing he decided to turn round and head back northwards through the eastern section of the Tuamotus in the direction of the Marquesas? Tramp steamers coming and



John Selden, who tracked down the killer.

going through the Panama Canal to Fiji and New Caledonia sometimes put into Tae O Hae Bay at Nukahiva, and he could get a passage on one of them to Central America or even Europe."

"It's curious you should mention that," mused my companion. "I've been considering the idea myself."

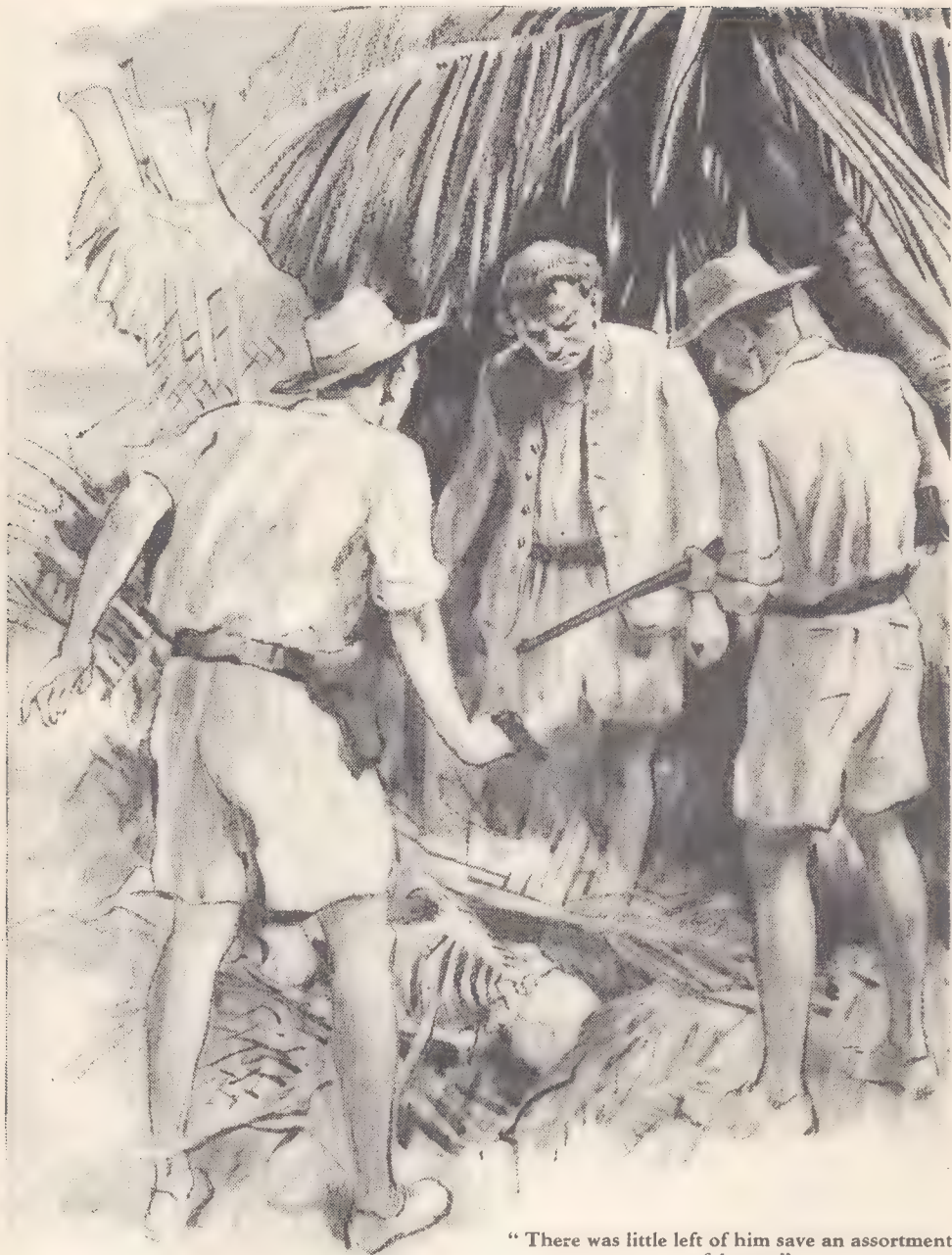
As a result of this discussion we turned back through the Dangerous Archipelago. There was no word of Reagan at Pinaki or Kukutavake, but at Vahitahi *atoll* an old chief declared that he had seen a sailing canoe, which might have been the half-caste's, pass close to the reefs in bright moonlight. This news considerably heartened us.

Before we made our next landfall I somehow felt intuitively that from now on events would shape swiftly; I was convinced we were close on the murderer's heels. Selden, Viri, and his two assistants shared this odd premonition, and began cleaning and oiling their weapons.

One morning we sighted Te Rangi *atoll*, the last speck of coral isle between the Tuamotus and the Marquesas Group. I felt in my bones that Reagan was either on Te Rangi or had perished in a hurricane which had recently raged in this area. When we came nearer we could see that, like other *atolls* close by, it had suffered severely. Shorn palms, beaches and lagoons laden with debris, and wrecked villages were to be seen everywhere.

Going ashore, we proceeded slowly and cautiously up the coral beach, which was overshadowed by palms. I watched their tops narrowly; like the old-time natives, Reagan might have concealed himself among the foliage, where we should be at the mercy of his rifle. The trade-winds had died away into a breathless, oppressive calm; the lagoon was unusually





"There was little left of him save an assortment of bones."

placid. As if weary of everlasting activity, its tiny wavelets merely rustled on the strand, in sharp contrast to the far-off clamour of the ocean combers, everlastingly surging on to the guardian reefs.

#### THE LAST OF REAGAN

Suddenly, one of Viri's assistants stopped and pointed. "*Tera ! Ahio !*" ("There ! Look !") he shouted excitedly. At this abrupt warning all of us instinctively dropped flat. But no rifle-shot followed, and when I looked up,

the native was still standing erect, pointing ahead with a trembling forefinger. Rising, we glanced rather sheepishly in the direction he indicated. High and dry on Te Rangi's northern reef we observed a wrecked sailing-canoe, its mast splintered and its tattered mainsail enveloping the bows. Scattered along a line extending from the stranded craft to the shore were various objects and articles of clothing ; it looked as though somebody injured in the crash had attempted to salvage his belongings, but had been compelled to discard them one by one as his strength ebbed.





As we approached the stranded canoe we found, on the higher reef-ledges, sundry dried stains resembling blood. If this was Reagan's canoe (and we had little doubt on that score) it seemed probable that he was hurt and, like a wounded animal, might therefore be doubly dangerous.

By way of precaution we fanned out as we got closer, making sure that our weapons were ready for action. Selden had a .45 automatic; I carried a Winchester rifle; Viri and his assistants were equipped with shotguns.

When we reached the wreck, making our way carefully over the coral-growths which rose above the surface of the lagoon like irregular stepping-stones, we found that the splintered

hull was completely empty save for a few crabs and a solitary tern that flew off squawking as we peered over the side. Whatever had become of him, the half-caste certainly wasn't here!

Leaving Selden and myself to examine the wreck, Viri and his companions waded back to the beach, and presently an exultant shout told us that they must have made an important discovery. On our way to join them I inspected some of the discarded items of clothing lying along our route, and was able to recognize poor Fairchild's jacket and sun-helmet. How vividly they brought the unfortunate man back to my memory!

Viri was waiting for us on the coral ledge in front of the deserted native village; I realized, from the triumphant expression on his face, that he had located the "wanted" man.

"Is he alive?" I asked, in Tahitian.

The *gendarme* shook his head. "Oh, no: quite dead," he answered.

Selden sighed with relief. "Lucky for us,"



he commented, grimly. "I was prepared for a tough fight."

We followed Viri to a damaged hut in the centre of the hurricane-wrecked village. Inside this shattered *fare* we found Reagan, but there was little left of him save an assortment of bones; Viri explained that when first discovered the body was covered with rats and crabs.

Judging from sundry entries in a small notebook we found in the hut, the half-caste had died a week or so before our arrival; after that rats, crabs, lizards, ants, and birds had reduced his corpse to a skeleton. In a leather pouch we dug up from the sandy floor of the hut we found most of Fairchild's Australian banknotes and French francs, but there was no sign of the map. My own idea was that the murderer must have hidden it on Timoe, intending to return for it at some future date, when the hue-and-cry over Fairchild's death had died down. Later Lai Ching took a party of native workers down there to dig for it, but the chart was never found.

As we suspected, the half-caste had obviously changed his mind about his easterly flight.

Perhaps, unknown to us, he had sighted our sails on the horizon and realized we were after him. Caught in the hurricane, which had stripped his canoe of mast, sail, and rudder, he had eventually been driven on the reefs of Te Rangi. Battered and bruised, he had crawled across the coral ledges to the beach, later stumbling into a deserted native hut and falling exhausted to the floor. While he lay there a squall probably ripped across the *atoll* in the wake of the hurricane, and the overtaxed *fare* collapsed. Judging from the fractured skull, a heavy beam must have struck him on the side of the head.

Acting on Selden's instructions, the sailors aboard the schooner collected the murderer's remains in a copra-sack which, weighted with lumps of coral, was eventually dropped into the sea off Te Rangi as we sailed homewards. When the sack vanished from sight, Selden glanced at me apologetically.

"It was rather informal," he said, "but I just couldn't find any words to say over that funeral."

I nodded; I quite understood how he felt.

## ANOTHER OCEAN MYSTERY

READERS may recall that in our issue for August, 1952 (Australian September), Mr. John Doody described, under the title of "The Figurehead," a very remarkable sea-mystery—the discovery, just before the late war, in a cave on the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha, of part of the bow-ornament of the four-masted barque *L'Avenir*, which vanished without trace in 1938, while on a voyage from South Australia to Europe. The last wireless message received from the ship had reported her position as some three hundred and fifty miles south-south-west of New Zealand. After that nothing more was ever heard of her! Her figurehead, oddly enough, had been removed by her new German owners (who had also changed her name), and lay stowed away in her forepeak. The Author speculated as to how the carving came to reach the South Atlantic island of Tristan, seven thousand long sea-miles and two oceans away from the vessel's last known position, and suggested that she may have struck an iceberg in the

darkness of night and gone down almost immediately, the shattering of her bows allowing the figurehead to float away.

The inhabitants of Tristan, after examining the strange "find," came to the conclusion that it must be part of the figurehead of another vanished windjammer, the *Kobenhavn*, which disappeared equally mysteriously about the end of 1928, on a voyage from Buenos Aires to Melbourne, but it was eventually proved that the carving had *not* come from this ship, but belonged to *L'Avenir*. Concerning the *Kobenhavn*, Mr. Doody wrote: "A great five-masted barque of some three thousand nine hundred tons, built by Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith, in 1921, she was a very remarkable vessel. On her last voyage she carried a complement of sixty, including forty-five cadets from some of Denmark's best families. The largest sailing-ship of her day, provided with the latest wireless equipment, and a powerful auxiliary motor, she disappeared with awful

finality . . . . On December 22nd, 1928 she radioed that she was nine hundred miles west of Tristan; all on board were well. After that nothing more was heard of her, although the islanders later claimed to have seen her driving past Tristan in the grip of a violent gale."

The photograph here reproduced will be of melancholy interest to lovers of sailing-ships, for it shows the ill-fated *Kobenhavn* being towed into the Mersey in 1927, when she paid her last visit to Liverpool.





# SALVING *the* "GUADARRAMA"



THE heavy masses of cloud piling up on the horizon to the south-west were not a good augury to the men on board a couple of vessels which left the port of Cadiz, Spain, one morning early in March. The two craft were several hundred feet apart, but a stout hawser connected them. At one end of this was a sturdy ocean-going tug; at the other the dredger *Guadarrama*, and the pair were commencing a voyage towards Valencia, on the other side of the peninsula.

The *Guadarrama's* official description was "non-self-propelling, bow-well, bucket-ladder dredger," and she was as tough as her namesake, a grim old mountain to the north of Madrid. There was nothing "fancy" about her—no trimmings; not even paint. She was rust-coloured, but clean, and well designed for her laborious job. Although no longer young, as ships go, she was still an extremely useful vessel.

Now the towing of such an unwieldy craft is not an enterprise to be lightly undertaken. Rugged for working, with her ponderous ladder and buckets in place, she is top-heavy and liable to capsize. Insurance companies, from bitter experience, are chary of taking the risks of such a vessel when in tow, and in order to get the premium down to a reasonable figure the owners of the *Guadarrama* had given instructions for her to be "snugged down." The chain of buckets had been dismantled and the ladder lowered and stowed at deck level. With the fifty great buckets packed away in the port and starboard buoyancy compartments, she was considered to be in a safe condition for towing, and was duly given a certificate of seaworthiness.

Those who witnessed the departure saw the two ships wallowing in a swell coming from the direction of the cloud-bank; they were not doing too badly, and getting along at a comfortable three knots. When tug and dredger had been at sea a little over an hour, however, the weather rapidly deteriorated, and they presently found themselves battling with a full gale. But they struggled gamely on, the *Guadarrama* pitching, rolling, and occasionally jerking heavily on the tow-ropes. When this eventually parted, the dredger, unfortunately, had a reef on her lee—a wall of rock about half a mile in length and as flat-topped as a man-made breakwater.

Those aboard the tug gazed awestruck at their helpless charge as she drifted rapidly towards the rocks. The weather was now appalling, and there was no hope of getting another hawser aboard. Watching in fascinated horror, the tugmen fully expected to see the *Guadarrama* crash on the reef and break up. To their amazement, however, this seemingly-



By WILLIAM BRANDAM

A marine surveyor's breezy account of a very remarkable salvage operation. A sudden storm hurled a two-thousand-ton dredger high and dry on a reef. Boldly utilizing another storm to get her off, the salvagers had the mortification of seeing the vessel driven ashore once more, and were compelled to start work all over again.

inevitable disaster did not occur, for just at the critical moment there rolled along a sea greater than any that had gone before—a veritable mountain of water. Much too big to break on such a puny obstruction, it was obviously going to take the reef in its onward sweep.

To the stupefaction of the beholders the labouring dredger was seen to rise on top of the monster roller, which then surged clean over the line of rocks, to break in the lagoon beyond in a terrific smother of foam. The *Guadarrama* was left sitting upright, apparently undamaged, on top of the reef! A few moments later, through telescopes, the four men who constituted her crew were seen to swim across the lagoon one by one and scramble to safety up the sandy beach! The following morning the only indications of the previous day's storm were a slight swell and a dredger stranded high and dry on the reef. So neatly was she poised that she might have been carefully placed in position by some huge crane.

Obviously, if the *Guadarrama* was still fit for service, she couldn't be left there, so her anxious owners got into touch with the underwriters, who sent one of their representatives along to "view the body." This gentleman then approached the well-known salvage firm by whom I was employed as Marine Superintendent. Our own expert was forthwith despatched to examine the vessel and, after consultation with the underwriters' representative, made a contract to refloat her and take her to a dry-dock at Cadiz for the sum of £5,000. The agreement contained the usual salvage clause—"No cure, no pay."

## A BAD BARGAIN

What our man had in his mind when he agreed to tackle such a desperate-looking case for so small a sum, I cannot imagine; the miscalculation can only be attributed to the fact that, at the time, he was gravely ill, and should never have been sent on such an errand. Anyway, there it was; the contract once signed, we were inexorably tied up. Those in the office, not



having seen the job, took it for granted everything was in order and that the re-floating of the stranded *Guadarrama* was going to be a simple and straightforward business. Away went our salvage steamer *Rescue*, accompanied by her small sister *Express* and an eighty-ton cargo-lighter.

Several days' preliminary work, during which

dredger was hard and fast on a reef—which conjured up grim visions of jagged rocks thrusting up from a solid base somewhere well below the surface, with the hapless vessel probably spiked on exposed pinnacles. I was therefore agreeably surprised to find a sort of natural breakwater, remarkably level, and the dredger, seemingly uninjured, perched on the centre-line of its hundred-foot width, broadside on to the lagoon inside and the sea beyond. When I first sighted the *Guadarrama* that familiar phrase "sitting pretty" immediately flashed into my mind. She certainly was!

I found poor X—, as I had half expected, obsessed by his own personal worries, and quite unable to concentrate on the formidable task he had so rashly undertaken.

"I've been sent along to lend you a hand," I announced; and he smiled at me pathetically. I felt extremely sorry for him; he looked terribly ill.

"I don't know what I was thinking about when I took on this lot!" he said, sadly. "Just look at her! Did you ever see a more hopeless job?"

I was looking at her, and looking very hard. As a matter of fact we were both on board, making a detailed examination. Squatting there on the reef, the *Guadarrama* struck me as a monument to the power of the sea; despite her great weight she had been tossed on the rocks like a rowboat.

"Don't be down-hearted, X—," I said, determined to speak cheerfully. "Things mayn't be as bad as you think. Now I'm going to see what can be done. Get away back to your ship and take it easy till you feel better."

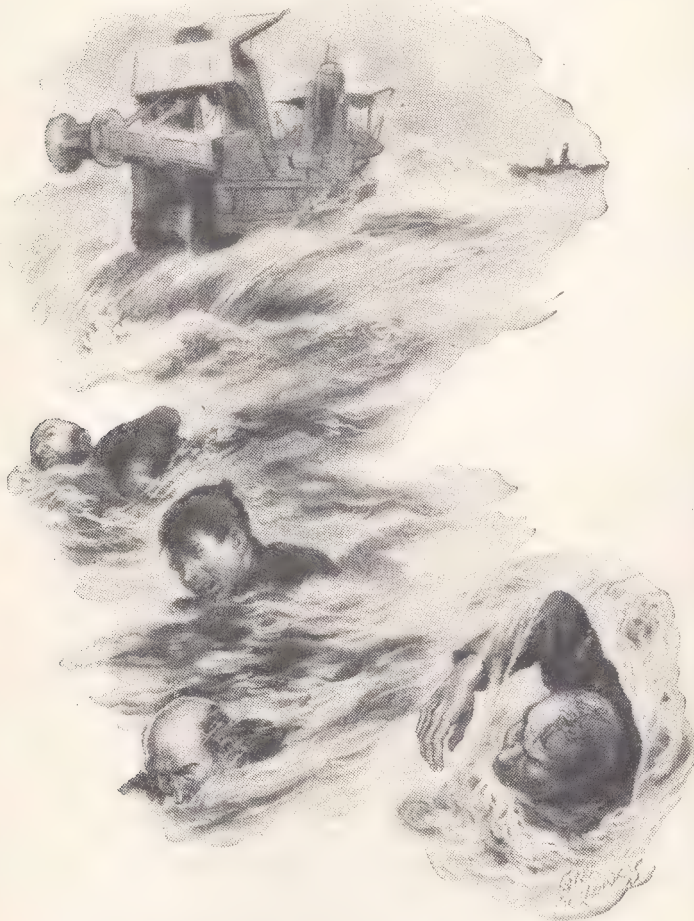
I had already thought of a possible plan of action, but I said nothing about it to X—; I didn't want to add to his anxieties.

When he had departed I went round the dredger again with the underwriters' Spanish expert. He was a good fellow, with plenty of salvage experience.

"Looks pretty terrible, doesn't she?" he remarked, presently.

"Oh, I don't know," I answered. "She's all in one piece, anyway, and there don't seem to be any holes in her. That big sea must have set her down very gently!"

Secretly I had hopes of saving not only the ship, but at least some of the firm's £5,000. I did not explain my scheme to the Spaniard, but my decision was made and I intended sticking to it. He asked no questions and made no



"The four men were seen to swim across the lagoon."

numerous telephone conversations took place between our expert and the office, caused doubt to creep into the mind of the managing director, who eventually decided to have a special investigation made. Forthwith he sent for me.

"Away you go to Sancti Petri," he told me. "I want you to give X— a hand with some of those common-sense ideas of yours. I'm afraid he's a very sick man, and can't be expected to be doing his best."

That reference to "common sense" was a shrewd touch; the Chief had often heard me expounding my theory as to the qualities required in a good salvage man—sound technical knowledge, a lot of common sense, and the capacity to make quick decisions and carry them out with equal celerity.

All I knew at the moment was that the



suggestions, however, and presently took his leave.

Presently the mate of the *Rescue* joined me.

"Well, what do you think of our chances, Ritchie?" I asked him.

He grinned at me; I had to grin back.

"I can see her safe in dry-dock," he replied.

"*Si Dios quiere* (God willing)" put in the Spanish bos'n, who had overheard the remark.

"Yes; God willing," repeated Ritchie, gravely. "All salvage work, successful or otherwise, depends on that!"

Ritchie was a young Scotsman who had served his apprenticeship on board a steamer of which I happened to be chief engineer, and had passed his examinations, up to master, with flying colours. I had so much confidence in him that I had appointed him mate of the *Rescue*, under X—, in order to gain experience; I hoped one day to make him our salvage master. We thoroughly understood one another, and were excellent friends.

## TWO ALTERNATIVES

"I'll make a guess at your intentions," continued the mate. "It seems to me there are only two ways of getting her off—to build a slipway and launch her into the lagoon, or wait for weather worse than that which put her here, when she'll launch herself."

"You're dead right!" I said, and gripped his hand. "But that's not guessing, Ritchie; it's just sound reasoning. And I'll qualify that remark about my intentions and call it *our* intentions."

"And which alternative is it to be?" he inquired.

"I think we'll give the weather first refusal. It is only early March, and there's still plenty of time for a real snorter. Even half a gale would wreck a slipway—probably before we'd got it finished—and the cost would be prohibitive."

I should explain here that the lifting of the dredger, in order to place launching-skids beneath her, would have been the least of our worries. In spite of the fact that she weighed over two thousand tons half a dozen four-hundred-ton hydraulic jacks would have raised her in a couple of hours. But the construction of a slipway at that time of year was out of the question.

"I quite agree with you," commented Ritchie. "And the first thing we've got to do is to shift that rock yonder."

He pointed to a sort of miniature Cleopatra's Needle standing about ten feet above the surface of the lagoon and some twenty feet out from the landward side of the reef. It lay abreast of

the dredger's ladder-tower, and constituted a serious obstruction if she was to be refloated.

"Yes; the sooner it's out of the way the better," I agreed. "Send the diver down to see what it's like below and how much dynamite he'll need to destroy it."

Our diver was a Spaniard, as good a man at his job as one could wish to meet.

"It's easy," he reported, when he came up from the bottom of the lagoon. "The rock's only about two-and-a-half feet thick at the base, and there's a big octopus in a hole down there. To-night I'll prepare my gelignite and to-morrow I'll blow the pinnacle up, octopus and all."

The following morning he descended again, placed his "sausage" where he wanted it, and then clambered on to the dredger's deck. Directly Ritchie connected the wires to his exploder and pushed down the plunger the "Needle" jerked upwards, topped over, and disappeared. A basketful of stunned fish, collected by the diver's assistants, provided a welcome addition to the larder. The octopus, however, did not show up, and the diver went down once more, returning with the hideous creature on his back, two of its great tentacles knotted over the lead weight on his chest. The thing was too big and tough to eat, so we used it as bait for fishing.

The rock removed, we went ahead with our preparations. After Ritchie had put out his ground tackle—two three-ton anchors, each with sixty fathoms of  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. stud link chain cable, from which he led 5 in. wires to the *Guadarrama's* bow and stern, he asked:

"What next?"

"Pray for a big sou'-west gale," I told him.

Actually there was not much more we could do save wait for the weather, meanwhile occupying ourselves with fishing. Every evening I went ashore to telephone the office and report progress. Just then I had little to say, and the managing director's remarks mainly consisted of sketchy news-items as to how some Danish friends of ours were progressing with another salvage job. They were busy on the Portuguese coast, working—by an odd coincidence—on another dredger which had been driven ashore during the same gale that had stranded the *Guadarrama*. This particular vessel was said to be the largest, most costly, and most modern dredger ever constructed. Now she lay high and dry on a sandy beach, and I had lent the Danes—with whom we had a working agreement—some hydraulic jacks with which to lift and launch her.

"You will be interested to hear," the Chief told me one evening, "that our Danish friends have got their job afloat; the divers are now



The dredger after her second stranding.



dealing with sundry small leaks before towing her to Lisbon."

"Good luck to them," I thought. "I only wish I could make a similar report!"

Nothing happened for a day or two; then, one morning, a storm started to get up, whereupon we put away our fishing-tackle and signalled for the launch to take us ashore. The barometer was falling fast, the wind had shifted to the right quarter, and a big swell from the south-west was already breaking on the reef. Unfortunately, the sea rose so rapidly that the launch was unable to take us off; great rollers were surging into the lagoon over the line of rocks and it was too risky for her to approach.

Several of us could easily have swum ashore across the lagoon, but there were a number of non-swimmers amongst us, and we accordingly decided to remain aboard the dredger and face whatever might be coming. Luckily we had ample supplies of food.

Before long great green seas were breaking clean over the stranded vessel; this was the sort of storm I had hoped for. We had selected the boiler-room as our refuge; the portholes in the top grating enabled us to watch what was happening outside. We spent a miserable night, trying to sleep on the hard iron gratings, meanwhile listening to the howling of the wind and the constant crash of the seas against the dredger's side. Daylight provided us with a decidedly alarming spectacle—endless ranks of huge, foam-crested combers rushing landwards. They swept in relentlessly, as though bent on annihilating us, but still the *Guadarrama* gave no sign of movement.

About ten o'clock Ritchie, who had been studying the prospect, announced calmly: "I think this is it. Look at the horizon."

### THE BIG WAVE

Staring eagerly out, I noticed that the horizon, previously lumpy with heavy seas, was now a long, straight line. It appeared higher than it should have done, and likewise closer; evidently something big was on the way! A few moments' survey convinced us that a monster wave was surging towards us, and as it drew nearer we saw that it bore no white crest; it was just a solid mass of rapidly-moving water. That stupendous "greybeard" had probably been born well over a thousand miles away as a mere ripple. By the time it passed between the African coast and the Canaries it might have attained a height of twenty feet; now it appeared to be about forty. It swept in like a watery mountain, increasing in height as it approached.

"This is what we wanted right enough!" commented the mate, grimly. "Hang on! Here she comes!"

Suddenly a jet of water from a leaky porthole-joint struck me violently in the face and I opened my eyes, which I had instinctively closed. The compartment was in darkness; we were under water! Next instant the *Guadarrama* gave a lurch towards the lagoon. The blessed daylight snapped on again, and I clung desperately to the handrail as I felt the ship swooping off the reef. A moment later she was afloat, wallowing, pitching, and snatching at the cables which controlled her movements. Although this was exactly what we had worked for, it took me quite a time to realize that she was clear of the reef and right side up!

Gradually the dredger steadied to the normal roll of troubled waters. No one spoke or moved; we just stood there holding on to the handrail. When I glanced at Ritchie I saw he was smiling, although his lips were quivering—and I found that my own were doing the same. A big Gallego seaman sat huddled in a corner, sobbing unashamedly.

At this juncture the bos'n flung the door open and pranced out along the deck, shouting joyfully. A stout little fellow—he stood only about five-foot-five—he had the heart of a giant, and was the first man to recover his nerve. While the rest of us remained where we were he returned carrying a bottle of brandy. Deftly knocking off the neck, he filled a tin pannikin and ceremoniously handed it to the mate, who passed it on to me. I took a good gulp—I felt I needed it after our ordeal—and Ritchie, after swallowing the rest, handed the tin back. Commencing with the weeping sailor in the corner, the bos'n served all his men and then had a drink himself. The hands immediately became loquacious, and all of them hastened out on deck, eager to size-up the situation.

When they had gone Ritchie turned to me. "All we want now is fine weather," he declared. "Then away we go to Cadiz and the dry-dock!"

I was about to make some suitable reply when the little bos'n came dashing back, followed by the rest of the party.

"Into the boiler-room!" he shouted. "There's another great wave coming!"

### ASHORE AGAIN!

Startled by the urgency of his tone, we had barely time to close the door before an enormous sea—just as big as the first—swept over the reef into the lagoon. Rising on the flood, the *Guadarrama* tugged impatiently at her moorings. Good though they were, they could not stand the terrific strain, and a few moments later a heavy bump, followed by sundry lesser ones, told us all too plainly that she had been driven ashore again, this time on the beach. Although the forward anchor failed to hold, the after one dragged only a short distance. Nevertheless, the dredger now lay well up the shore, stern-on to the lagoon. We had got her off the reef only to see her stranded somewhere else!

The bos'n didn't lose his head; he did everything possible. Clamping a carpenter's "stopper" on to the 5in. wire, he had a big four-sheaved tackle hooked on and took the fall to the winch. There was just enough steam available to turn it.

"She's moving!" he yelled delightedly as he watched stopper and wire crawling along the deck.

"Vast heaving!" shouted Ritchie. "There's no water here to float her; it's the anchor coming home!"

Investigation speedily revealed that the dredger was hard and fast; two thousand tons of dead weight cannot be pulled over the ground on a three-ton-anchor! Later, as the mate and I stood on the beach, examining our charge, we found that she had already made a bed for herself and was well down in the yielding sand. As ill-luck would have it she had gone ashore at the worst possible time—the top of high tide. At low tide there was no water anywhere near her. Once more she was "sitting pretty," representing yet another knotty salvage-problem.



Even the usually-optimistic Ritchie appeared somewhat depressed after studying the position.

"Seems to me there's a good six weeks' work ahead of us before we can get her away," he growled. "I reckon that £5,000 is going to look pretty silly!"

I hadn't the heart to telephone the office that evening, but next day I reported as usual. The Chief took the bad news very philosophically, which greatly cheered me, and made no mention of the triumphant Danes until I asked about them.

There was a short pause, followed by the short, dry cough that always heralded something unpleasant; then he snapped curtly:

"Catastrophe—C.T.L. (Constructive total loss). The heavy weather that lifted your job off the reef drove their ship back ashore! She's in two halves, lying about a mile apart and completely wrecked. I hope to goodness the *Guadarrama* is still salvable!"

"Don't worry," I told him hastily, feigning a confidence that wasn't en-

"All you've got to think about is getting her into Cadiz as quickly as you can."

Ritchie and I now found ourselves confronted by an entirely different proposition, necessitating another technique altogether. Gone were the leisurely days of sitting on the rocks watching our fishing-lines, keeping an eye on the weather, and hoping for a storm. We'd had the storm—and a lot of good it had done us, even if it *had* achieved our original purpose!

Manual effort would now have to be the order of the day, and this meant engaging more labour. The tunny-fishing season was about to commence; the village was already filling up with fishermen from the outside world—mostly Portuguese and Spaniards. With the



"'Into the boiler-room!' he shouted."

object of employing some of these newcomers we made the proprietor of the only café in the place our labour-master. This worthy agreed—for a suitable consideration, of course—to supply seventy men each day; and I might add that he did quite well out of our predicament!

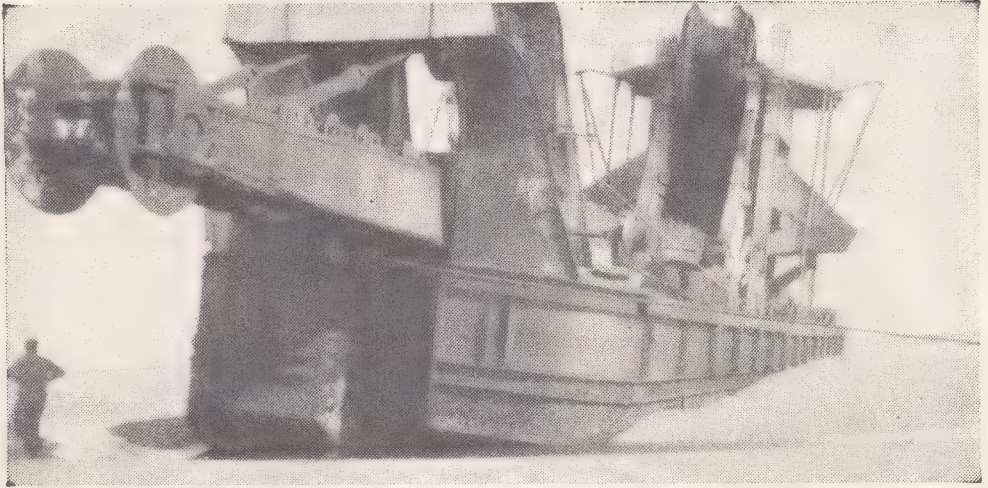
#### BURIED IN SAND

tirely genuine. "She's in sheltered waters now, and I think we shall be able to get her off. But I'm afraid our £5,000 is going west before we've finished."

"Never mind about that," he answered.

The men were eager to work for us; more than the quota presented themselves every morning. Ritchie gave them the job of removing the sand which was now banked up to a height of seven feet all round the *Guadarrama's* hull. Shovelling the stuff into small fish-baskets, our helpers carried it well above high-water





The *Guadarrama* at low tide, with the sand banked up around her to a height of seven feet.

mark, so that it should not be washed back again.

Meanwhile the mate made a trip to Cadiz, where he was able to hire two five-ton anchors and a hundred and twenty fathoms of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. chain cable. Stowing this heavy gear aboard the *Rescue*, he steamed into the lagoon and placed it in position. This detail arranged, we decided to remove the dredger's buckets and sundry other stuff; every ton of weight we could save would help when it came to refloating her. That was certainly going to be none too easy, for she needed seven feet of water—and at her bows, at the top of high tide, she now had about seven inches!

Burying an anchor well up the beach, the resourceful mate rigged an aerial ropeway between it and the ladder-tower, and before long the great buckets had been hoisted out and lay neatly piled on the sand. Later on, incidentally, they became another headache for us, having to be manhandled for half a mile over soft sand to the river and our lighter.

Meanwhile the little *Express* had been set to work excavating a channel—with her big propeller! With both her bower-anchors down, and side-anchors out to port and starboard, fore and aft, she steamed full speed astern, churning up the bottom. The sand thus displaced, held in suspension in the water, was swept away forward by the wash and sideways by the current. Working in this fashion she gradually dredged to a depth of nine feet—ample for our purpose.

Day after day the little ship churned away, slacking out on her anchors and pulling herself sideways as required, till at last she reached the dredger's stern. Thence she travelled along the port side, doggedly continuing the good work.

A very good friend of ours, the chief pilot at Cadiz, had already informed us that, given even a moderate east wind, we should be able to count on an extra two feet of water at high tide. Providentially, when the *Express* even-

tually arrived at the dredger's bow, an easterly was blowing. At three-thirty that afternoon the bos'n hove on the ground-tackles, and the *Guadarrama* slid slowly sideways into the dredged channel! Thereupon the mate semaphored the *Rescue* to be ready to take our towrope early the following day. We did not sleep much that night!

Next day the pilot-boat bumped alongside. An assistant pilot and some riggers took over, and we weary folk were free to adjourn to the mess-room with sundry very welcome hampers and bottles. Everything went well in connection with the tow, and at 3 p.m. the *Guadarrama* tied up at the dry-dock entrance, while the launch dropped us as near our hotel as possible.

Next day, after a visit to the Captain of the Port, to thank him for the use of his anchors, and a last look at the stout old dredger—which was found to have sustained surprisingly little damage—I thankfully started for home.

When the salvage department came to make up the accounts it was found that we had disbursed a little more than the contract figure of £5,000, but nobody paid much attention to this detail. Salvage is like that; the handsome returns on valuable ships and cargoes cover the small, ill-paid jobs, failures, and losses of gear—not to mention the cost of keeping the salvage vessel under constant steam, eating her head off in fuel and wages, but ready to leave at a moment's notice when some unfortunate skipper has got his ship into trouble. Marine salvage is certainly not all beer and skittles, but I am rather pleased to think that the name *Guadarrama* is now to be found in a special book recording difficult and hazardous operations successfully carried out.

Young Ritchie was eventually given command of the *Rescue* and became quite a notable salvage expert. If you happen to come across him to-day and ask his opinion about the *Guadarrama* job he will tell you that common-sense methods and manual effort counted for a good deal, but that only *Deo adjuvante* (God assisting) made the result possible.





**S**ERGEANT  
RUDD  
of the  
Field  
Security  
Detachment  
pulled a  
wind-  
proof

tunic over his battle-dress and shouted for Chaw Soong, the interpreter. It was time for another tour of duty on the main supply-route.

Rudd had been in Korea for three months, and he wasn't liking it. During the first week he had been sent up-country to Pyongyang, the Northern capital, beyond which the British Brigade to which he was attached was drawing close to the Yalu River, on the borders of Manchuria.

Within another week the Chinese, who had been massing on the border, poured into North Korea, and the United Nations forces were obliged to retreat hastily down the pitifully-inadequate roads leading to the South in order to escape the jaws of a gigantic trap.

Since that time, life for Rudd had been a continuous round of pulling-out and retiring southwards, only to bivouac again in some frozen paddy-field for a stay of perhaps only a few hours' duration. But if Rudd had suffered the worst discomforts of his life during this bleak routine of retreat in the sub-zero temperatures of the terrible Korean winter of 1950, he suffered far more in spirit from contemplation of the daily spectacle of the tragic columns of refugees escaping from the war now rolling back to engulf them for the second time.

From Pyongyang to Pusan, on the southern tip of the Korean peninsula, the roads were thronged with a great concourse of the civil population. Most of them were in rags; many were in the throes of starvation. During the course of this appalling trek thousands perished along the route from hunger, exposure, and the diseases which ate into their ranks like the hot breath of a plague. Most of the survivors who reached Pusan bore a terrible imprint of privation on their wasted bodies.

From the military aspect, however, the refugees posed an urgent problem of security; sprinkled among the long columns were armed enemy agents who used this convenient disguise to penetrate the U.N. lines, link up with Communist guerrilla forces far to the south, and play havoc with communications.

To the Military Intelligence groups of all the United Nations forces was assigned the colossal task of checking this dangerous enemy influx into their midst, and it was Rudd's chief concern.

Leaving his temporary home—a bivouac



By **ROBERT O. HOLLES**

Just an incident in a very grim war—the struggle in far-away Korea. The Author writes:  
“I can personally vouch for its truth.”

dug into the bone-hard ground of a hillside covered with coarse brown scrub—and accompanied by Chaw Soong, his interpreter, the Sergeant climbed into his jeep and drove jerkily over the bare paddy-fields flanking the main supply-route to Suwon, to the north of which the retreating armies were digging in, hoping to slow down the Chinese advance.

Chaw Soong was an educated Korean who spoke Chinese and Japanese fluently, and sufficient English, helped out by exaggerated gestures, to make himself understood.

Reaching the check-point, Rudd received a friendly greeting from his U.S. counterpart, a

sergeant named Hulton, a sinewy and slow-speaking Oklahoman with a passion for chewing-gum. Throughout their acquaintance, Rudd had never seen the American's jaws motionless.

“Anything to report?” he inquired.

“Not a thing up to now,” drawled Hulton, shouldering his carbine in readiness for departure. “The Gooks blew up an ammo. train last night, they tell me.”

“So I heard,” commented Rudd. The intermittent explosions from the burning ammunition, indeed, had kept him awake for most of the preceding night. The guerrillas had struck again—this time nearer. “They must be getting the stuff through somehow.”

“Search me!” muttered the American, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. “I’ve frisked (searched) about a hundred refugees, but I ain’t found a thing. And they all look alike to me!”

With that he climbed into his jeep, waved his hand in farewell, and drove off along the route to the south.

For the next four hours Rudd and Chaw Soong scrupulously stopped and searched every male refugee passing the check-point.

They found nothing of any consequence.

Rudd was puzzled. The guerrillas in the area had recently become bolder; each night, vehicles on the supply-routes had been sniped at, and small outposts attacked. Finally there had been the business of the ammunition-wagons, their greatest success to date.

He watched an old blind man, in tattered clothing, bent almost double under the load of the bundles piled on his back. He was stumbling along over the rugged ground at the roadside, his lean hand clasped in that of a small girl, who was leading the way. An emaciated old woman followed, passing slowly through the check-point.

Rudd's eyes followed her speculatively; he pitied the hapless plight of these miserable



peasants. Suddenly something odd registered in his mind, and he turned to Soong.

"Call that woman back!" he ordered.

"*Ida - wa !*" shouted the interpreter, and the old woman turned and called out in shrill protest as she walked slowly towards them.

Rudd moved behind her, studied the bundles strapped to her back, and then pulled out a grenade which had been fastened into a tight "bun" in her hair.

"Ask her where she got this," he growled.

Lapsing into his native Korean, Soong began a lengthy argument with the old woman. Finally he announced: "She spik Chinese soldier give same-same." He indicated the grenade. "She spik Chinese soldier say, you give same-same to Mr. Kim, Mr. Kim he give many-many rice."

"I see!" said Rudd. "Now ask her where this Mr. Kim is to be found."

After a further lengthy discourse, Soong explained: "Chinese soldier give address on paper—somewhere in village, near Suwon. She see other refugees searched, she paper same-same chop-chop." Soong went through a little pantomime of eating.

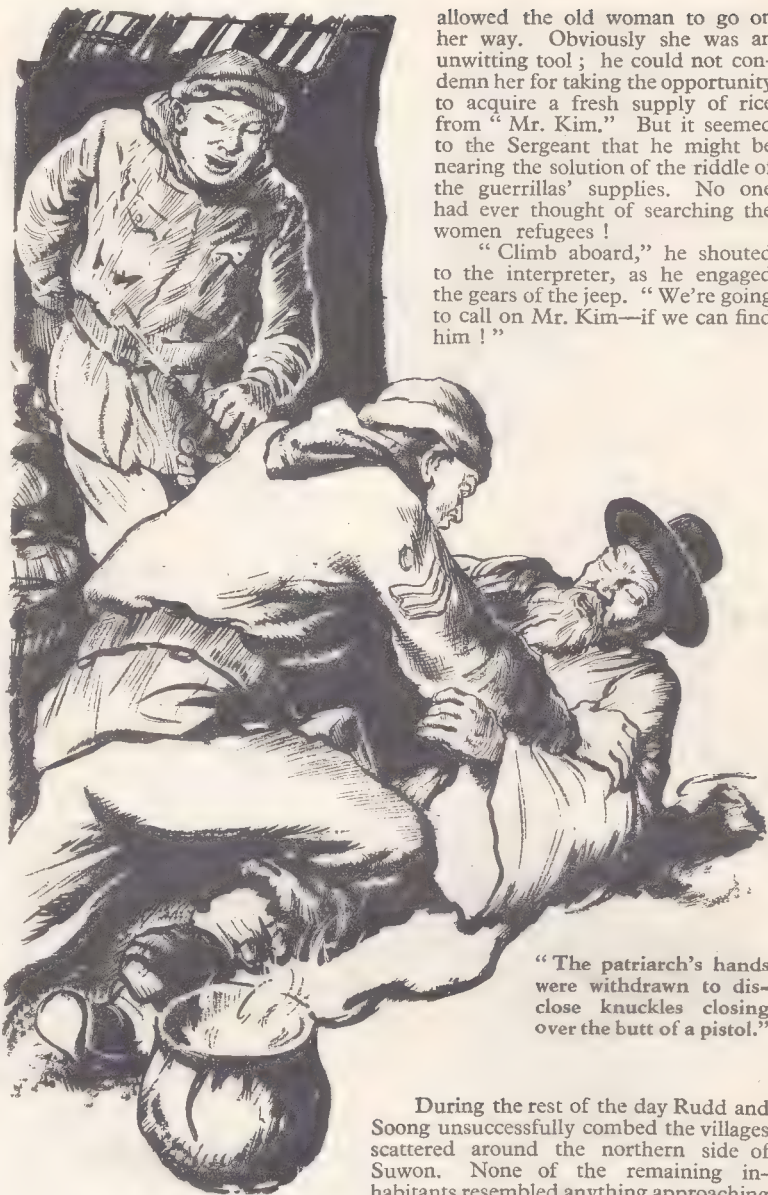
He meant that the woman, having been given the address of the guerrilla's agent, had swallowed it in fright.

"Tell her I want to look at everything," said Rudd, indicating the bundles. Despite the angry protestations of the old woman, they searched her pitiful belongings. They consisted of the usual refugee equipment—bundles of rice, clothing, and the inevitable husk of a pumpkin for scooping water from the hollows of the dried-up river-beds. In the centre of a rolled blanket, however, Soong uncovered a quantity of gun-cotton, several sticks of dynamite, and two belts of machine-gun ammunition.

When they had removed this cache Rudd

allowed the old woman to go on her way. Obviously she was an unwitting tool; he could not condemn her for taking the opportunity to acquire a fresh supply of rice from "Mr. Kim." But it seemed to the Sergeant that he might be nearing the solution of the riddle of the guerrillas' supplies. No one had ever thought of searching the women refugees!

"Climb aboard," he shouted to the interpreter, as he engaged the gears of the jeep. "We're going to call on Mr. Kim—if we can find him!"



"The patriarch's hands were withdrawn to dis-close knuckles closing over the butt of a pistol."

During the rest of the day Rudd and Soong unsuccessfully combed the villages scattered around the northern side of Suwon. None of the remaining inhabitants resembled anything approaching a Communist agent, and the mine-detector which Rudd operated, searching for buried arms, merely led to the discovery of assorted household equipment concealed under the surface of the yards outside hovels whose owners had fled. The villages on the southern side were similarly disappointing.

By noon on the third day the Sergeant was searching the little groups of huts scattered among the foothills of a high range sweeping away to the west. These huts represented his last chance; if this clue failed he would have to wait for another "lead," by which time the mysterious Kim would assuredly have changed his location.

The village he was investigating did not appear at all promising. A dozen squalid dwellings, deserted and falling into decay, crazily embellished with sheets of rusting



galvanized iron, were huddled together against the slope of the hill, surrounded by a patchwork of grey paddy-fields, heavily terraced. Most of the buildings were completely wrecked, with their straw roofs sagging untidily, their flimsy walls caved in, and the surrounding area littered with garbage and piles of purple ashes. The odour which permeated the locality was penetrating and unpleasant.

Presently, above a door which swung loosely on its hinges, Rudd noticed a curl of blue smoke. Moving stealthily forward, he peered in. Barely discernible in the gloom and smoke he beheld an old man, wearing the robes of a village patriarch, crouched cross-legged in the centre of the floor over a charcoal fire contained in an urn. Swiftly withdrawing, the Sergeant beckoned to Chaw Soong.

"There's someone in there," he said, indicating the shack. "Go and find out who he is and what he's doing there while I go round the place with the detector."

The detector, however, revealed nothing, and Rudd returned to the building, where Soong was questioning the old man—the sole inhabitant of the village. It was a situation, he reflected, hope shining through the bleak background of his recent disappointments, which might have possibilities.

The patriarch was answering Chaw Soong's queries in a high, quavering voice. His body, crouched over the glowing coals, was absolutely still, apart from the movement of his jaws and the thin wisp of white beard which contributed to his venerable appearance. Rudd could not see his features clearly through the haze of smoke, but the full white smock and traditional round black hat gave the Korean a benign appearance. In one corner of the room, the Sergeant noted with a spurt of interest, were stacked many straw bags full of rice.

After a lengthy cross-examination, Soong turned to Rudd.

"This man spik he head man of village," he said. "Two months ago, ten people die of smallpox. All others very frightened, and leave village. All now refugees."

"Why didn't he go with them?" demanded the Sergeant.

Soong put the question; and the ancient smiled resignedly before answering. He was an old man, he explained. How could he hope to endure the journey to Pusan, with the weather so cold? In view of this he had decided to stay until the smallpox—or his ancestors—called him to a better land. He had given his blessing to the others, and they had taken their leave of him.

While Soong interpreted, Rudd pondered. Yes; it was a plausible enough story, one that could well be truthful in such times and circumstances, but—

"Ask him where he got the rice."

The old man had been given the rice, he said, when the rest of the villagers left, taking all they could carry. It was the remainder of the crop.

Wearily Chaw Soong sought for words to convey this information. But Rudd paid little attention; he was listening to something else. When he entered the room, he had taken the

earphones of the detector from his head, and now carried them, with the instrument itself resting on the ground. The note which now emanated from the loudspeakers was barely audible, but it was loud enough to enable the Sergeant to realize that, instead of the continuous negative drone, the detector was giving out the fluctuating wail which could only mean that there was something metallic underneath the floor!

At the same instant, studying the Korean's face with eyes which had now become accustomed to the gloom, he observed the tight smoothness of the skin under the ancient's eyes, which were narrowed to slits in his blandly-smiling countenance. It was the face, it suddenly flashed upon Rudd, of a man no older than himself!

At the instant the Sergeant dived, the patriarch's hands, until now sunk in the voluminous sleeves of his robe, were withdrawn to disclose whitened knuckles closing over the butt of a Russian automatic pistol. The bullet, fired as he fell to the ground under the impact of Rudd's weight, tore through the thin slats of the roof, causing a considerable fall of wattle.

At the end of a short, desperate struggle, "Mr. Kim"—who, divested of his false beard and without the hat that had covered his close-shaven head, proved to be a North Korean officer—was overpowered and handcuffed by the obliging Soong.

A search of the building led Rudd to an outhouse at the side containing a crude cooking-range for ricepots and the openings of several tunnels running below the floors where fires were lit for the purpose of providing primitive central heating. These tunnels were packed with logs, which the Sergeant laboriously withdrew. Along the whole length of each log were suspended grenades, ammunition, carbines, revolvers, and high explosives!

A little later Rudd came upon a more tragic find. In the centre of the huddled group of dwellings, at the bottom of the communal well, lay the bodies of six Koreans, two of them children—the remaining occupants of the village before the coming of the sinister "Mr. Kim," and the setting-up of his temporary headquarters.

The rest of the story follows a pre-ordained course. A platoon of Turks arrived silently, under cover of darkness, and proceeded to dig positions among the rubble between the huts. Two nights later, in bright moonlight, a column of guerrillas moved stealthily down from the shadows of the hills and advanced—into the centre of an avalanche of flying steel. In the morning fifteen dead were counted on the slopes above the village. It is not known whether any of the guerrillas survived to take the news back to their companions, but the fact remains that they never returned to the village. Deprived of their supplies, guerrilla activities in the Suwon region dwindled and presently ceased altogether.

I have written this story as a fitting memorial to Rudd—although that wasn't his real name. He was killed later in the campaign when a Chinese soldier whom he was interrogating exploded a grenade which he had concealed on his person.





**I**F, only a short time ago, you had asked me to give an account of the terrible doings aboard the schooner yacht *Aafje* during the Christmas holiday season of 1937, you would have heard a somewhat disjointed tale. I could have told it then only as I related it to the Federal detectives—a few words at a time, between sobs. Now that I have recovered my nerve, however, I can look back upon those nine ghastly days more calmly, and feel capable of relating my story connectedly, even though the telling of it revives memories I long to forget.

My recovery has now reached the stage where I ask myself such questions as: Have I awakened from some prolonged and incredible nightmare? Did all these horrible things actually happen to me? Then, when I remember that they *did*, I look into my mirror to assure myself that Elsie Berdan is still alive.

Soon after graduating from a nurses' college, I developed a great longing to go to sea. I knew that many trained nurses are employed in ships and also by wealthy families cruising in palatial private yachts. How pleasant it would be, I thought, if I could find such a position! Earning my living whilst seeing the world would be far more interesting than routine hospital work.

For several years I was unable to gratify my ambition; but I hadn't abandoned it, by any means. You can therefore imagine my delight

when, on the morning of December 10th, 1937, the telephone rang in my home, and I heard the details of what seemed the very opening I had longed for. The call came from the Allison Nurses' Registry, a Los Angeles employment agency which had my name on its books.

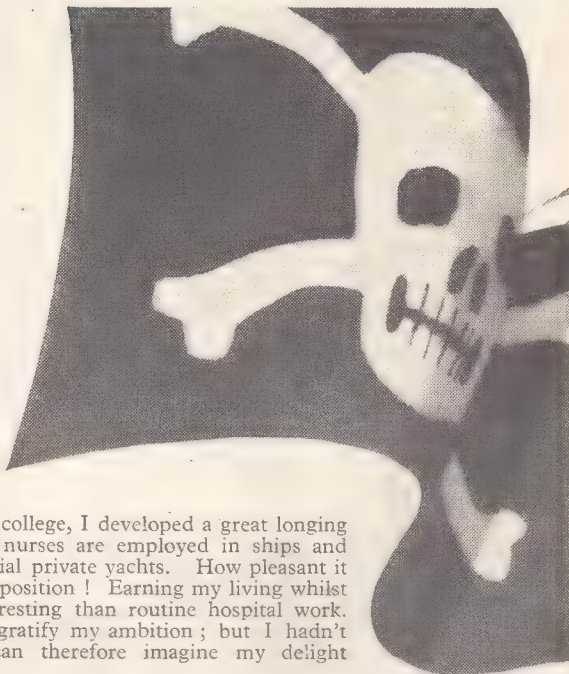
"There is a Mr. John Morgan in the office," said the Allison representative. "He is seeking a trained nurse and travelling-companion for his seventeen-year-old wife. Mrs. Morgan is expecting a baby, and they are leaving in a day or two aboard their yacht for an extensive cruise in the South Pacific. Mr. Morgan is a charming gentleman—a former naval officer who has recently retired to the Reserve in order to devote more time to his business interests, chiefly the provisioning of ships. . . . We have told Mr. Morgan that you are exactly the nurse he is looking for. If you can come along immediately he will see you."

Needless to say, I hurried to the office of the employment agency and was duly introduced to Mr. Morgan. He was a nice-spoken man of about thirty, smartly dressed, apparently well-educated, and seemingly very wealthy. After a brief conversation he told me that he had already interviewed three other nurses, but had decided to engage me.

"But aren't you going to investigate my references first, Mr. Morgan?" I asked.

"No," he replied, smilingly. "I don't think that will be necessary. The Allison Agency has recommended you very highly, and I flatter myself I can read character. The job is yours,

## OUT OF THE PAST



# The MAN WHO

First published in 1938, here is an amazing real-life story that puts fiction and the films completely in the shade. Told by a young nurse, the narrative sets forth certain happenings on board the American schooner-yacht *Aafje*. Posing as a wealthy business man, an ex-convict chartered the vessel for a cruise to the South Seas. Directly the *Aafje* was out in the Pacific he shot the hapless owner in cold blood, overawed the crew with levelled pistols, and informed them and the terrified womenfolk that he had turned pirate, and intended to set up a kingdom of his own on some little-known island! Thenceforth, during nine never-to-be-forgotten days, tragedy and horror brooded over the little ship; it is a wonder Miss Berdan kept her sanity, for few women, surely, have ever endured such a dreadful ordeal. The details of this unique affair are now in the official records of the U.S. Federal Department of Justice.

Miss Berdan; your salary commences forthwith! You must be aboard the yacht, at the wharf of the California Yacht Club, by ten o'clock on the morning of December 20th. In the meantime I will give you a note to the manager of my hotel at the harbour; you can make yourself at home there, and draw upon me for any expense-money you may need."

This was all most excellent, but there was one drawback: to accept Mr. Morgan's unexpected offer meant sacrificing my plans for





"Morgan was at the wheel, a pistol clutched in his fingers."

# TURNED PIRATE

Told by ELSIE KAY BERDAN, and set down by J. E. and R. E. HOGG

a Christmas at home in Los Angeles. When, somewhat timidly, I mentioned this fact, my new employer hastened to reassure me.

"There is no need for you to forgo your Christmas holiday," he said. "We shall be going to Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, and other places in the South Pacific, but we shan't actually sail for perhaps another fortnight. As yet, you see, I do not own the yacht. She's the *Aafje*, and is the property of Mr. Dwight L. Faulding, of Santa Barbara. Mr. Faulding is a widower, and until recently was a very wealthy man, but he has met with financial reverses and now desires to sell his yacht.

"I have an option on the craft, but before completing the purchase I am going to take her out for a two-day cruise; I want to see just how she handles, and if she's likely to suit my purpose. If I do not buy the *Aafje*—though I think I shall—I must find some other yacht. In any case, Mrs. Morgan will need you with her until her baby is born, and for many months thereafter. On this preliminary cruise we shan't go much farther than Santa Catalina Island, or San

Clemente, so you can have your Christmas at home as arranged."

## IN LUCK'S WAY

Mr. Morgan's party assembled at the hotel the evening before we sailed, and after I had met them all I sat down and wrote a letter to my sister telling her what a lucky girl I considered myself. Here we were, putting to sea in a trim and beautiful little ship for what seemed like an ideal holiday, with a congenial set of people who promised to be a sort of "happy family."

In addition to Jack Morgan and his youthful wife, Lilian, the personnel consisted of Mr. Faulding, a gentleman in every sense of the word; his fiancée, Mrs. Gertrude Turner, a widow, of Santa Barbara, and her eight-year-old son, Bobby Turner; George Spernack, a friend of Morgan's; and Robert Horne, a young man employed by Mr. Faulding to help handle the yacht.

There was only one person in the party who did not make a very favourable impression upon me. That was Lilian Morgan, my new em-

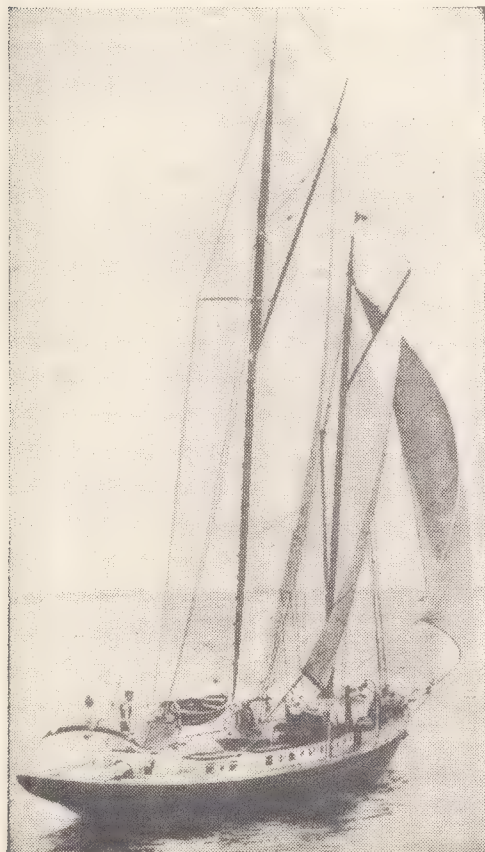


player's wife. She claimed to be of Creole descent, but looked decidedly Negroid. Nature had obviously not endowed her with any remarkable degree of intelligence, and it struck me that her marriage to Morgan at the age of seventeen was something of a tragedy. My opinion of Mrs. Morgan, however, was merely a private matter; nurses seldom get an opportunity of choosing their patients!

Various details in connection with getting the *Aafje* ready for sea delayed the actual start until well along in the afternoon of the appointed day. Finally, however, we got away, gliding out of harbour under motor-power, with the sails furled. We were heading, I learnt, for Catalina Island.

For the first hour or so Mr. Faulding was at the wheel; the rest of us sat about in deck-chairs, enjoying the fresh air and balmy sunshine. As the sun began to sink toward the horizon, however, the temperature became decidedly cooler. Presently someone complained of feeling chilly, whereupon Mr. Faulding sent little Bobby Turner to the galley for a bottle of brandy and some glasses. When the youngster returned Mr. Faulding poured out drinks for all the adult members of the party, and we drank a toast to the success of our cruise.

The brandy temporarily warmed me, but a few minutes later I found it necessary to go to my cabin for a heavier coat. I was on my way back, and nearing the foot of the companionway,



The schooner-yacht *Aafje*.

when I heard a startling burst of profanity from Morgan, who was still on deck. Mr. Faulding was apparently somewhere near the top of the stairs and seemed to be remonstrating with the Morgans.

"Lilian!" he cried in shocked tones. "Either you and your husband are insane, or else you've been drinking! This is piracy—for which you're liable to hang by the neck! Put down those guns at once!"

Next moment, to my amazement, two, or possibly three, shots rang out. I heard Mr. Faulding groan; then he appeared stumbling down the companionway, and I noticed with horror that blood was streaming from a bullet-hole in his shirt near the left shoulder.

For an instant the full meaning of what I had heard and seen did not dawn upon me. My professional instincts were aroused, however, and I implored Faulding to come to my cabin and let me dress his injury.

"Never mind that now," he replied, gently brushing me aside. "The wound is nothing very serious, and at the moment I have more important business to attend to. Morgan and his wife are either drunk or mad, or else we've got a couple of pirates aboard! I need a gun in order to talk to them in language they'll understand!"

With that the yacht-owner hastened to his own cabin, returning almost immediately with a big pistol in his hand. I don't know why I did it, but I followed him, still pleading with him to let me attend to his wound. I was at his heels as he ascended the companionway, and got far enough up the stairs to survey the deck. Morgan was at the wheel, a pistol clutched in his fingers. Beside him stood his wife, looking as unintelligent as ever. I noted that she likewise held a pistol in her right hand; two carbines were slung over her left shoulder!

Before I had time to ask myself what this alarming display of weapons meant there came another blast of oaths from Morgan; apparently he had sighted Faulding's figure rising waist-high above the top of the companionway.

"Get below, you rat, before I put some more lead into you!" he roared savagely. "I'm in command here now! Captain Jack Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, the greatest pirate that ever lived!"

"Look here, Morgan," answered Faulding as he continued to move forward. "I——"

He never completed the sentence, for there came more profanity, followed by several shots in succession. Hardly had the fusillade ceased than Faulding staggered backwards, lost his hold upon the handrail, and toppled headlong down the stairs. Being immediately behind him, I was swept off my feet, and landed full-length on the floor, with Faulding's body across mine.

#### MURDER MOST FOUL!

The cold horror of that moment seemed to give me superhuman strength. Struggling free, I got to my feet, stretched the yacht-owner out flat on his back, and proceeded to rip the clothing from the upper part of his body. He was still breathing, but bleeding profusely from two gaping holes in his chest and the original wound in his left shoulder. As I bent over him, doing my best to staunch the flow of blood, Morgan himself came down the companionway, gun in hand. He looked absolutely insane;



there was such an expression of triumphant villainy on his face that I felt myself shuddering.

He said not a word, but gave me a kick which sent me sprawling through the door of the saloon. I landed with a crash against the after bulkhead, where, half-dazed, I sat and watched while poor Faulding breathed his last, Morgan meanwhile standing over him gloatingly. When the unfortunate man had expired Morgan stooped to make sure of the fact. Then he picked up Faulding's gun, and turned to me.

"He's dead!" he announced brutally. "And when Captain Morgan says they're dead, they're *dead*!"

Next instant his mood changed; he levelled his pistol at me and ordered me to go to my cabin, threatening to shoot me on the spot if I refused. Somehow I managed to get on my feet and, cringing in terror, edged my way backwards into my own state-room, where I wedged myself firmly in the tiny space beneath the lower berth, completely out of sight.

To my horror, however, the murderer followed me into the cabin where, mouthing the vilest oaths, he made several unsuccessful attempts to drag me out of my hiding-place. Finally he sneered:

"Very well, my pretty nurse, if you prefer to stay under the bed, you have Captain Morgan's permission to do so—until to-morrow morning. You thought I hired you to look after my wife, but you've got a surprise coming! Captain Morgan is a smart fellow! We're off to some remote South Sea island to establish a pirate colony, and you three women are going to be the mothers of a new race of Morgans! Good night, nurse!"

With that he left the cabin, slamming the door behind him and locking it from the outside. I continued to cower under the berth, more dead than alive, as I heard him stamping along the passageway and up the stairs.

That first night aboard the *Aafje*, locked in my state-room as the prisoner of a seemingly-crazy murderer, was a dreadful ordeal. Looking back on it, I feel very thankful for my nurse's training, which undoubtedly enabled me to preserve my sanity. Even so, a thousand dreadful thoughts seared through my aching head.

Soon after darkness fell the motor was shut down; then I heard the sound of sails being hoisted, and presently the *Aafje* changed her motion, scudding before the wind through a lively sea which speedily added seasickness to my mental torture.

When the last trace of daylight had disappeared I mustered sufficient courage to crawl out of my place of refuge. Peering through a porthole, I could see nothing but inky blackness, and presently ventured to open the port an inch or so, listening with all my ears. After a time I heard voices, which I recognized as those of Spernack and Horne, the two deck-hands. The fact that these men were at liberty, and apparently on friendly terms with Morgan, brought me the most crushing thought which had yet occurred to me—that they must be accomplices of the murderer! If this was the case, I told myself, there was little hope of escape.

With poor Mr. Faulding dead, it meant that Mrs. Turner, little Bobby, and myself were at the mercy of three male ruffians and their female accomplice, Lil Morgan! There could be nothing in store for us but torture and ultimate death!



Miss E. K. Berdan, the nurse who tells this remarkable story.

Throughout that dreadful night I never closed my eyes in sleep. Apart from a great deal of agonized thinking, I did just one rational thing. Having written a note describing the position, I placed it in a wine-bottle that rolled out from under the berth, carefully corked it, and then threw the bottle out of the porthole in the forlorn hope that it might be found.

About an hour after daylight next morning Lil Morgan came to my room, unlocked the door and, at the muzzle of her pistol, escorted me to the saloon. Some badly-cooked food had been set upon the table, and she curtly ordered me to eat, pocketing her weapon directly I was seated. Before she put the pistol aside, however, I noted that I was covered by the muzzle of a carbine in the hands of Morgan, who had taken up a position at the forward end of the hatch overhead, whence he could command the saloon as well as anyone on the after deck.

This led me to wondering who was steering and, knowing that Mrs. Morgan was not blessed with much mental alertness, I sought to gain some information by catching her off her guard. So I asked bluntly:

"Is there anybody at the wheel, Lil?"

"Yes," she replied. "Spernack and Horne. See that gun up there? That's Captain Morgan. He's waiting so that he can shoot you, Spernack, or Horne if any of you make a false move!"

As a spy, it struck me, I was certainly getting off to a flying start; the foolish woman had told me just what I wanted to know! I realized immediately that if the two men on deck had to be herded about at the point of firearms they could not possibly be parties to Morgan's crimes.

Morgan, however, was somewhat smarter. Hearing his wife talking, he immediately bellowed down through the hatch:



"Silence there below decks! Shut your face, Lil! Go and get Gertie and see that she has her breakfast; then I want you to come up on deck. Fall to—and be quick about it!"

"Aye, aye, Captain Morgan," responded Lil, and promptly went forward. Here was some more naval intelligence! The tone of Mrs. Morgan's voice as she answered her husband told me as plainly as words that she feared her murderous husband as much as the rest of us.

A moment later, gun in hand again, Lil ushered Mrs. Turner into the saloon; the widow sat down opposite me, looking pale and anxious. Not a word was said; we sat there endeavouring to read one another's thoughts, toying with the food, and wondering what was going to happen next.

Presently Mrs. Morgan once again pocketed her pistol and went up the companionway. Simultaneously Morgan's carbine disappeared from the hatch-opening, and soon we heard him and his wife reviling one another.

### IN THE CABIN

I had just finished my apology for a meal when Morgan came down into the saloon. The inevitable pistol was still in his hand, and he raised it until the muzzle covered me.

"Go to your cabin," he growled. "I'll be along in two minutes; I want to talk with you!"

Sick at heart with terror, but doing my utmost to keep calm, I entered my state-room. I would have given all I possessed to be able to lock myself in, but one or other of the Morgans had the key of the door, and to barricade it was impossible. Finally I took up a position against the bulkhead, wedging myself in between the ends of the two berths and the folding washstand, where it would be difficult for anyone to get at me. I had only been there a few moments when the murderer entered, still hugging his pistol, and angrily ordered me to come out.

I find it impossible, even now, to describe the nightmare experience that followed . . . Suffice it to say that Morgan revealed himself as a veritable fiend in human shape. Tiring of persuasion, he presently flew into one of his rages and endeavoured to drag me toward him, but without success. Infuriated by my resistance, he finally stepped back, clubbed his gun, and struck me heavily on the head. I did not lose consciousness completely, but myriads of stars swam before my eyes and, lurching forward helplessly, I crashed against the cabin door. Just at that moment the schooner gave a roll to starboard, the door flew open, and, half-mad with terror, I seized the opportunity to rush into the passage outside. There I tripped and fell headlong, Morgan tumbling over me.

The pair of us landed almost at the feet of Horne, who had just descended the companionway. Staggering to my feet, with blood trickling from a gash in my scalp, I found myself standing between two men who glared at each other savagely. Horne, apparently sensing what had happened, was pale with anger.

"See here, Morgan," he cried. "This has gone far enough; you've got to leave the women alone!"

At the words Morgan gave way to an outburst of insensate fury. He fired two shots down the passageway, splintering some crockery on the saloon table; another thudded into the deck

over his head. Horne never moved, but I sprang in front of him, feeling instinctively that Morgan would not kill me. I was right; once more his mood abruptly changed. The muzzle of his pistol began to waver; he looked like an old man. In a split second, however, there came yet another transformation.

"Get up on deck, Seaman Horne," he cried, hoarsely. "And be quick about it! Nurse Berdan, you will go to the saloon and clean up the dishes; I'll see you again later on."

Horne made no reply, but turned round and ascended the companionway, followed by Morgan, who was still brandishing his ever-ready gun.

After I had spent perhaps an hour putting the saloon and galley in order—quite unmolested, and with no one standing over me with a pistol—Morgan suddenly bellowed down the hatch:

"All hands on deck to assist with a funeral!"

This announcement literally chilled my blood. "Whose funeral?" I asked myself. Was it poor Mr. Faulding's, or had some other member of the *Aafje's* personnel been killed during my stay below-decks? Faulding's body had been removed from the main cabin some time during that first night of terror aboard the vessel, and I imagined it had probably been tumbled overboard.

Fearfully I crept up the stairs, wondering what ghastly sight was about to meet my eyes, but I breathed a sigh of relief as I reached the top of the companionway, for I saw the lifeless form of Faulding stretched out alongside the starboard rail. Horne was now at the wheel; Sperrack was on watch in the bows; little Bobby Turner stood beside his mother, who was sobbing dry-eyed close to Faulding's body. Morgan and his wife lounged aft, the former still waving his gun, and occasionally cursing the woman for her inability to get the kinks out of a log-line she was attempting to haul in. Meanwhile the *Aafje* was scudding before a stiff breeze, with all sail set.

Taking over the wheel from Horne, Morgan began giving the two deck-hands orders concerning the preparation of Faulding's corpse for a watery grave. He spoke, curiously enough, in an unusually coarse voice.

"We ain't taking no chances on that stiff bein' found," he growled. "Horne, you go forward and fetch one of them two anchors. Sperrack, get below and bring up that carpet outten the main cabin. Kay and Gertrude, you're to stand by with them lines, thread, and sail-makers' needles."

The carpet was spread on the deck near Faulding's body, and several short lengths of rope laid across it. The spare anchor was then placed on the lines, and Sperrack and Horne lifted the corpse and tied it to the anchor. All these operations were accomplished to the accompaniment of much cursing on the part of Morgan.

### THE AEROPLANE

While we were in the midst of these gruesome preparations the drone of aeroplane motors was heard. Instinctively we all looked up, and a few seconds later a huge multiple-motored United States Navy seaplane bomber nosed its way out of a cloud scarcely a thousand feet overhead. At that instant Morgan was sane enough to visualize himself in the shadow of the electric chair, for he sprang swiftly forward and spread the carpet over Faulding's corpse. As he did so he called to his wife:



"Lil, shoot the first one of them that tries to signal the 'plane!"

The murderer was mopping great beads of perspiration from his brow as we watched the machine disappear into some low-lying clouds on the horizon.

"A nice business to have those smart boys spying upon Captain Morgan!" he growled. "It would only take about five minutes for a wireless message to get from that seaplane to Washington, and I'm not figuring on fighting the American Navy!"

This incident, I think, answers the question that everyone asks me:

"Was Morgan insane?" In my opinion, despite his extraordinary conduct, he was *not*, nor was he ever intoxicated. In my judgment he was nothing more or less than a brutal, blood-thirsty criminal, possessed of certain sadistic tendencies. He knew perfectly well he was breaking the law; he also realized what would happen to him if he were caught.

After this little interruption Morgan lost no time in getting poor Faulding's body put overboard; even Mrs. Turner and I were called upon to bear a hand in lifting the heavy bundle over the rail. Mrs. Turner fainted, and when I



"He gave me a kick which sent me sprawling."

turned aside and attempted to revive her Morgan dealt me a vicious blow with his fist that blackened my left eye. Later he struck poor little Bobby Turner because, after she had regained consciousness, the child attempted to console his mother. Her grief was heartrending, and I can well understand how she must have felt to see the man whom she was soon to have married shot

down in cold blood and then flung overboard like a dead dog.

After the corpse had been disposed of, Morgan called a deck council. We were all ordered to assemble near the wheel, where he proceeded to address us, dividing us into watches and naming specific duties for each person, to be performed at certain hours. My immediate



assignment was to the galley, to prepare food for all hands from a rapidly-diminishing supply.

Taking stock of the scanty stores, it became evident to me that although the rest of us had had very little to eat, and at irregular intervals, Morgan and his wife must have been feasting liberally on the best of everything the larder afforded. I was therefore glad to have this pantry job, because it gave me the opportunity to secrete a few items of food as a precaution against whatever the future might have in store for us.

The trifling tasks with which I busied myself, moreover, were invaluable for the preservation of my sanity during those dreadful days. Best of all, that first day in the pantry enabled me to arrive at an all-important understanding with Mrs. Turner, Spernack, and Horne.

Shortly after noon, Mrs. Turner came along the companionway and, observing me in the galley, at a moment when there seemed to be no prying eyes about, and no guns levelled at us, she beckoned me to follow her to her stateroom. Directly the door was closed she whispered:

"Kay, I want you to tell me just where you stand. Are you with me or are you with the Morgans?"

#### CONFIDENCES

"Good heavens, Gertrude!" I exclaimed, utterly taken aback. "How can you ask such a question after the way that murderous scoundrel has treated me? If I could only get the chance I'd kill him as readily as I'd crush a scorpion!" I went on to tell her of Morgan's attack upon me.

Mrs. Turner listened with growing horror. "You've said quite enough!" she whispered at last. "I'd better go: it is dangerous for us to be talking here. You'll be glad to know that Horne and Spernack are with



Mr. Dwight Faulding, the ill-fated owner of the *Aafje*.

us; they're going to kill Morgan just as soon as they can do it without endangering all our lives. Here; take this!"

Reaching under her blouse, she brought out the very article I had longed to get my hands upon. It was a heavy hardwood club, about fourteen inches in length — evidently the handle-end of a baseball bat laboriously whittled down with a pocket-knife. Hastily concealing this handy weapon, I murmured: "God bless you, Gertrude: it's just what I wanted!" Then, woman-like, we kissed and wept upon each others' shoulders. I was beginning to see the first ray of hope since poor Mr. Faulding had been shot.

Continuing my work in the galley, I busied myself at every task I could find. About mid-afternoon Horne came down the companionway, and I beckoned him into a corner where we could exchange a few whispers.

"I believe I know what you are thinking about," he said. "Take a look at this." Then, reaching into his shirt-front, he showed me the end of a steel belaying-pin.

"Spernack has a marlin-spike," continued Horne. "We're going to finish that brute off to-night and tie the woman up; George and I have it all worked out. Morgan's getting pretty tired from loss of sleep and the strain of watching us. A few minutes ago he got me to put out a couple of fish-lines. Directly we hook a fish, I mean to hit him over the head while Spernack tackles the woman. We don't want to hurt her, but we must get that pistol away from her."

"I've got a club," I told him. "I shall be on watch in the bows from eight until twelve; if you want me to come to your assistance just give a shout."

At eight o'clock that evening I reported for duty on deck.



Jack Morgan, the would-be pirate.



Morgan was at the wheel and, having summoned all hands, made some ridiculous speech pointing out that it was now Christmas Eve. Then, with the utmost gravity, he produced a large bag of English walnuts Mrs. Turner had brought aboard and proceeded to do a sort of Santa Claus act, doling out a couple of walnuts apiece to each of us. He and his wife, however, cracked nut after nut from the bag.

After this extraordinary Christmas celebration Morgan dropped the mask of geniality and issued curt orders. Lilian was sent below to get some rest; Mrs. Turner was also to go to her room. Horne and Spernack were to stand by on deck; little Bobby Turner was banished to the saloon. As for me, I was to act as look-out in the bows and see that the *Aafje*, which was sailing without lights, kept clear of any vessel that might be sighted.

The very fact that the schooner displayed no navigation lights between sunset and sunrise, is, in my opinion, one more bit of evidence that Morgan was sane. He was just as anxious to give other ships a wide berth as he was to avoid attracting the attention of aeroplanes!

Taking up my position in the bows, I gazed around the horizon, but I could see nothing at all; the night was as black as charcoal. An hour went by—an hour of nerve-straining suspense as I listened for the significant sounds I momentarily expected to hear coming from aft. The only noises that reached my ears, however, were the wash of the sea and the ceaseless murmur of the wind in the *Aafje's* sails and rigging.

I found that ordeal of waiting very terrible. I began to wonder if something had gone wrong with the plans of Spernack and Horne, and cold chills ran up and down my spine when I thought of poor Mrs. Turner and what might be happening to her. I should almost have welcomed a burst of Morgan's eternal cursing; the silence seemed full of menace.

Imagine my delight, therefore, when the suspense suddenly ended. From somewhere aft came the sound I had been straining my ears to hear—the startlingly loud “whack!” of Horne's belaying-pin, immediately followed by a joyous shout and the excited voices of the two deck-hands.

### THE LAST OF MORGAN

I dashed aft at my best speed, club in hand. Arriving near the wheel, I could see Morgan, dimly silhouetted, stretched out along the starboard rail. Horne was punching him in the face, while Spernack struggled to break his hold on the rail. Morgan was putting up a stubborn resistance, meanwhile gasping, at intervals:

“Give me a chance, boys! Give me a chance!”

I am not normally hard-hearted, but I don't mind confessing that I felt not the

slightest pity for the brutal wretch. Jumping into the fray, I brought my club down as hard as I could swing it on the fingers with which the pirate was clinging to the rail. There was a little more fighting; then his grip relaxed and he fell heavily into the sea. From the black waves astern, as the *Aafje* swept onwards, we heard a small voice still repeating dully: “Give me a chance! Give me a chance!”

It was so difficult to realize that we were finally rid of this evil monster that for some seconds I stood beside the rail staring stupidly at the rushing water alongside. Then my blood seemed to run cold, my head spun like a top, and I remembered nothing more. When I returned to consciousness I found myself in a deck-chair, with Horne rubbing my hands and Spernack holding a bottle of smelling-salts to my nose. In a minute or two I was able to stand; then Horne helped me down the companionway to Mrs. Turner's room.

Finding the door locked from the inside, Horne rapped gently. The response was a terrified scream from the woman within. Thereupon I called out:

“It's only me, Gertrude, and Robert Horne. We've killed Morgan and he's gone overboard!”

Instantly the door was unlocked and swung open, and there stood Mrs. Turner, so stunned with joy and relief that she was speechless. Horne relieved the tenseness of the situation by saying calmly:

“Now that the world is quit of that villain I think it would be advisable for you two women to stay together. Here is Morgan's gun; remember it's loaded. Lock the door and try to get some sleep, both of you. All the firearms aboard are in our hands, and I don't think we shall have any trouble with Lil.”

The young fellow then bade us good night and left us. After locking the door, Gertrude and I had a good cry on each others' shoulders. Finally we went to bed, enjoying the first real rest we had experienced during our five days aboard the *Aafje*.

Next morning Horne and Spernack told me that, about an hour after I had entered Mrs. Turner's cabin, Lilian Morgan appeared on deck and wanted to know where “Jack” was. Told that he was on watch in the bows, she went in search of him. Failing to find him she returned

to the wheel, obviously very suspicious, and demanded to be told the truth. The two men had previously secured her pistol, unknown to her, and locked up the other arms, so that Horne now faced her boldly.

“Well, Mrs. Morgan,” he quoted himself as saying, “you'll have to know sooner or later, so I may as well tell you that Jack is gone! He fell overboard this evening while we were making a tack; we couldn't trim sail fast enough to put about and try to save him. Don't take it too



Mrs. Lilian Morgan.





"I sprang in front of him."

badly; you ought to be thankful he has cheated the gallows! Now that the schooner is again in the hands of law-abiding people, we are going to try to take her into some port on the west coast of Mexico.

"Spernick and I are pretty poor sailors, but if we can make the land we shall deliver you safely into the hands of the Mexican police, to be extradited for trial in an American court. They'll probably hang you as the accomplice of a pirate and red-handed murderer! If you don't want to face a trial, and prefer to throw yourself into the sea, none of us will lift a finger to stop you. But if you're going to remain aboard you must either promise to be a good girl, and do exactly as you're told, or we shall have to tie you up like a dangerous wild beast."

Mrs. Morgan took the news of the tragedy very calmly, and gave her word to be a "good girl"; without firearms, and the encouragement of her pirate husband, she was capable of little else. During the terrible days that were still in store for us, however, we found her about as shiftless and useless as Jack Morgan had been

domineering and brutal. When it seemed that none of us would ever see land again—when we were starving, famished for water, and at our wits' end to keep the crippled *Aafje* afloat—she had to be literally driven to repair sails, wash dishes, or attend to even the simplest tasks. The more I saw of her the more I became convinced her mentality was that of a child.

At noon of the day on which he was killed Morgan had taken observations that placed the position of the schooner approximately six hundred miles south-west of Mexico's Coronado Islands, or about three hundred miles due west of Guadalupe Island. Horne and Spernick, who had appointed themselves skipper and first officer, were anxious to make for Guadalupe—for several reasons. Neither of them were skilled seamen. It would be impossible for them to sail the *Aafje* to California against the prevailing winds, and we hadn't enough fuel aboard to take her there with the motor.

We could, however, make progress toward Guadalupe by a series of tacks, saving the engine for the time when we got near land. Guadalupe



Island possesses a Mexican military garrison with a powerful wireless station which would immediately announce our arrival to the outside world. Heading for Guadalupe, moreover, would take us across the track of shipping operating between Canadian and American Pacific coast seaports and the Panama Canal, thereby offering us a chance of being sighted by some friendly vessel.

### A CLOSE CALL

In attempting to carry out this plan, however, disaster overtook us during the late afternoon of Christmas Day. The wind died right away, and in order to make headway we decided to sacrifice some of our precious motor-fuel. Several hours after luncheon—a meal for which I divided one small tin of baked beans between six hungry mouths—Horne suggested that as many of us as could be spared should go below and try to get some badly-needed rest. Bobby Turner, Spernack, and I therefore left the deck and were soon stretched out fast asleep on cushions in the saloon.

About an hour later Mrs. Turner came below—to find the whole interior of the ship reeking with carbon monoxide gas! Her son was apparently dead, and she couldn't rouse me, but she *did* succeed in awakening Spernack, who immediately staggered up on deck and quickly revived. Then, while he took the wheel, Horne shut off the motor and rushed below to carry out Bobby Turner and me.

I came to my senses to find Horne giving me artificial respiration; Spernack and Mrs. Turner were working over Bobby, who still remained cold and lifeless. Poor Gertrude! It was about the last straw for her, and I was too sick and weak to be of much help. Horne and Spernack, however, made an excellent job of administering the treatment as soon as I was able to sit up and direct it, and after an anxious hour the boy began to show signs of life. Then, with a hypodermic, I injected a heart-stimulant that soon brought the colour back into his face.

While the luckless yacht wallowed in the rough of the sea, Spernack, who was something of a mechanic, succeeded in discovering the cause of the trouble and putting it to rights. It appeared that the exhaust-pipe of the engine, which passed through the saloon, had somehow become disconnected, converting the room into a veritable lethal chamber.

That night a stiff breeze got up, and at daybreak it began to assume the proportions of a gale. The *Aafje* was soon plunging through heavy seas, racing toward Mexico with her sails stretched as tight as drum-heads. About

nine o'clock Horne gave the order: "All hands on deck!" He was anxious to get some of the canvas off her.

The manœuvre, however, came too late. Hauling at a rope, I was bowled over like a nine-pin when the boom of the mainsail suddenly swung across, and next minute I was washed the whole length of the deck as a wall of green water tumbled over the rail. Simultaneously there came a noise overhead resembling the collapse of a building, and before I realized what was happening spars, sails, and rigging came crashing down. When I crawled out from under the wreckage, I discovered that the schooner was a sorry sight. The lower masts were still standing, but several of the sails had been blown clean away, and booms, cordage, and rigging hung in a dreadful tangle. I don't know much about yachting, and so cannot describe the damage in detail; but after a brief examination the men announced that it would be impossible for them to put matters to rights. This meant that the *Aafje* could no longer make headway under canvas.

All of us worked with a will cutting away the *débris*, and eventually Monday arrived. The *Aafje* was now practically a hulk, at the mercy of wind and wave, for it was useless to waste the remaining motor-fuel in order to gain a few miles. Our eyes ached from straining them across trackless wastes of heaving water, hoping against hope that we might sight a sail or a curl of smoke. About



Mrs. Gertrude Turner and her son Bobby.





noon that day Horne called us together and, speaking very gravely, said :

" Friends, I don't need to tell you we're in trouble up to our necks ; it begins to look as if we're finished. But something has given me the germ of an idea that may mean salvation. This morning I tried to eat some engine-grease, and it didn't go down at all well ! That set me doing a bit of thinking.

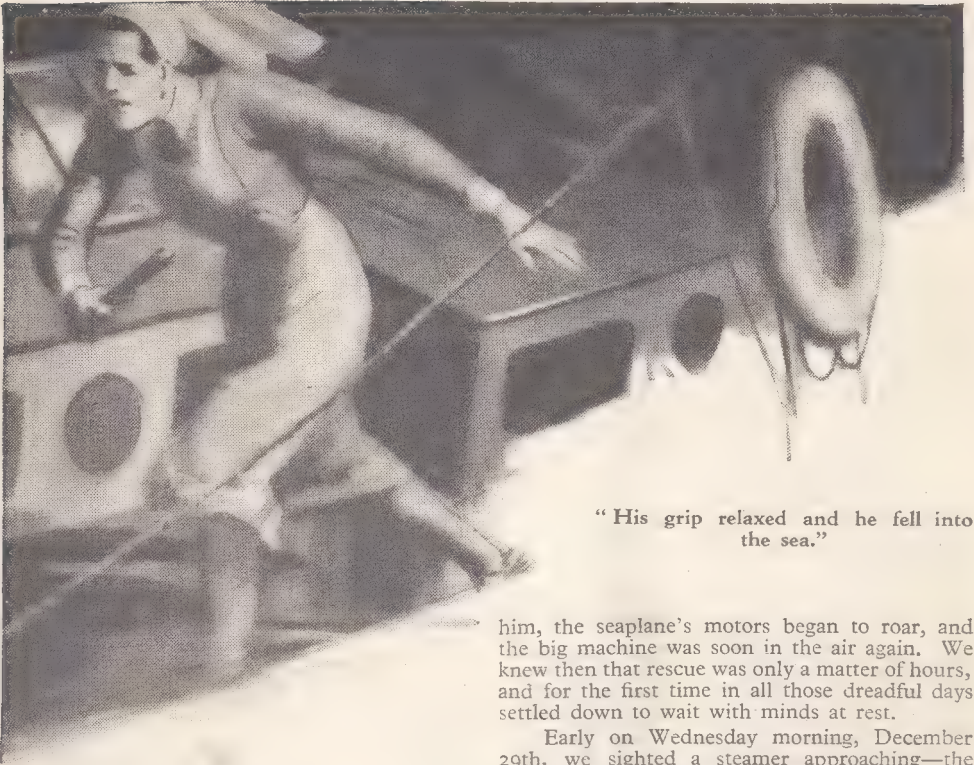
" As you know, the American Navy is very active in these waters just now, and it's possible we might be able to attract their attention. For all I know they are already seeking us, having been notified by friends and relatives that

we've been lost at sea. My idea is to take two large pieces of sailcloth and use the engine-grease to paint ' SOS ' on them. We'll fly one from the mainmast, spread the other over the deck-house, so as to be seen from aloft, and then pray that the naval aviators may sight us."

Tuesday came—our eighth day at sea. Our " SOS " signals were in place ; the disabled *Aafje* was still drifting helplessly. The weather was dull and hazy, the visibility none too good. About ten o'clock Mrs. Turner and I were standing on deck when she suddenly seized my arm and cried :

" Kay ! Can I hear an aeroplane ? "





"His grip relaxed and he fell into the sea."

I listened intently, cupping both ears with my hands. There was no mistake about it! I, too, heard an aeroplane; it sounded like a big naval bomber. The sound became louder and louder, and presently the machine itself appeared—a big seaplane. All of us began running round the deck, frantically waving pieces of canvas, blankets—anything we could lay hands upon. Very soon it became apparent that we had been observed; the great aircraft dived down to within a hundred feet of the water, banked sharply, and then began to circle the *Aafje*. "Look, Kay!" cried Mrs. Turner. "They're going to set down!"

#### GOOD NEWS!

She had hardly uttered the words before the seaplane splashed down upon the surface of the sea and taxied to a halt within fifty yards of the yacht. The four motors were stopped, a hatch was thrown open, and an officer came out on the turtleback, waved his arm, and held the small end of a megaphone to his ear.

By this time Horne had jumped on top of the *Aafje's* cabin, and called out slowly through another megaphone:

"Schooner-yacht *Aafje*, registered Santa Barbara. Six aboard. Nine days in distress. Mutiny aboard first day. Master murdered. One mutineer killed; one now a prisoner. Practically no food. Very little water."

Back from the seaplane came the reply:

"Will report you immediately to the United States Coast Guard. Sorry we cannot supply food or water. Coastguard ship should reach you within twenty-four hours."

With this announcement the officer waved his hand once more, the hatch closed behind

him, the seaplane's motors began to roar, and the big machine was soon in the air again. We knew then that rescue was only a matter of hours, and for the first time in all those dreadful days settled down to wait with minds at rest.

Early on Wednesday morning, December 29th, we sighted a steamer approaching—the United States Coastguard cutter *Perseus*. When she arrived abeam of us a boat was lowered and a lieutenant and a seaman came aboard. A towing-cable was sent over, at the end of a heaving line, and we were soon on the way back to Los Angeles. At long last our nightmare cruise was nearing its conclusion!

Arriving in Los Angeles harbour, it seemed to me that all the detectives, newspaper reporters and photographers in California were there to meet us. We were immediately taken into custody by Federal officers and whisked away in waiting motor-cars. At the Federal Building we were separated, various officials taking charge of each member of the party. I was brought before United States Commissioner David Head, who "grilled" me with questions for hours.

When midnight approached detectives appeared to lock me up as a "material witness" until the authorities could get to the bottom of the *Aafje* affair. By that time, however, Commissioner Head had received the reports of the other investigating officials and immediately discovered that all versions of the story fitted together like the sections of a jigsaw puzzle. Thereupon—much to my relief—he announced his decision.

"Miss Berdan," he said, quietly, "so far as you are concerned this case is finished. I shall not ask you to spend a night in jail on top of everything else you have suffered. You are released on your own recognizances."

Mrs. Turner and the gallant little Bobby, who had endured our nine-day ordeal like a hero, were likewise given their liberty. Horne and Spornack, however, having described in detail how they had engineered the death of Morgan, went to prison for several days. But they were little more than voluntary prisoners,





Robert Horne (left) and Geo. Spernack (right) with two officers and a reporter, photographed after the Grand Jury had thanked them for their part in the killing of Jack Morgan.

and acted upon the advice of Commissioner Head, who pointed out that it would be to their advantage to let the case go before the Federal Grand Jury, which would furnish legal justification for the killing of the pirate.

After the jury had considered the evidence it took them exactly five minutes to arrive at a decision. Horne and Spernack left the court free men, with a vote of thanks from the jury for having rid the country of a dangerous criminal and saving the Federal Government the trouble and expense of trying and executing a cold-blooded murderer and pirate. The only member of the *Aafje* party to be permanently detained was the unfortunate Lilian Morgan, who was committed to a Government institution for sub-normal juvenile delinquents in her native New Orleans.

While the incidents I have endeavoured to describe were happening on board the *Aafje* some very interesting developments had occurred ashore. The day before Christmas, my sister Lilian, greatly worried by my failure to arrive home on December 22nd as arranged, went to District Attorney Buron Fitts and laid all the known facts before him. His operatives immediately went to work, and within forty-eight hours had all the evidence needed to explain my disappearance.

Morgan, they discovered, far from being the wealthy ship-chandler he had represented himself to be, had served three terms of imprisonment in the California State Penitentiary at San Quentin for criminal attacks upon women, and had only recently been released on parole. Included in the testimony the officers collected

was a statement from a prisoner who had shared a cell with Morgan.

This man described how Morgan had boasted to him of his pirate ancestry; he had also outlined a fantastic plan which he intended to carry out as soon as he was free. Morgan said that he was going to kidnap a wealthy yachtsman, seize his vessel, and sail away to some remote South Sea island.

Other evidence, which I haven't the space to detail here, convinced Mr. Fitts that Morgan had carried out his scheme, pirating the *Aafje* and kidnapping all on board. Having arrived at this conclusion, there was nothing the District Attorney could do but to turn the case over to the Federal Department of Justice; under the recently-enacted "Lindbergh Law" kidnapping is a Federal offence.

If the *Aafje* had not been sighted by the keen-eyed naval aviators, in the course of an ordinary service patrol, it would probably only have been a matter of hours before ships and aircraft of the Navy and Coast Guard would have been sent out to search for the missing schooner.

Despite the experiences I have related, I still cherish the ambition to become a sea-going nurse; but if I ever go aboard a private yacht for another "South Sea island cruise" I shall want to know the life-history of my employer and every member of the party before we sail! Probably, however, the *Aafje* affair will prove to be the first and last of its kind. Warned by the enormous publicity given to the case, yacht-owners are extremely unlikely in future to walk into any such trap as the villainous Morgan set for poor Mr. Faulding.





## FOUR FINGERS AND A THUMB

By LIEUT.-COLONEL ANDREW J. McCARTHY

**A** CON-VICTION for murder on finger-prints alone!

In 1936 such a thing was unheard-of either in the annals of British, American, or European law. Ironically enough, however, far-away Zanzibar came very close to providing an instance in a case which centred on a set of finger-prints and a severed human thumb.

An Indian shopkeeper had been murdered. The man accused, named Juma, was about thirty-two, with a pleasant, humorous expression; he didn't look at all like a killer. But a recently-severed human thumb had been found in the dead merchant's shop, and Juma was minus a thumb. Eleven years previously, as it happened, having been convicted of a small theft, Juma had his finger-prints recorded in accordance with regulations, and one of these thumb-prints corresponded with the markings on the thumb found in the victim's shop!

Did the chopped-off thumb belong to Juma? He said "No"; he had lost his thumb in an accident years previously; he couldn't remember exactly when.

I was asked to take on the task of defending him by my good friend Judge G. K. Knight Bruce, of the Zanzibar High Court. It was a "dock brief," and I realized at once that the case would present considerable difficulty. Like most advocates, however, I regarded it as my duty to do my best for the accused.

In Zanzibar, at that time, there were a number of operators of an illegal and pernicious money-lending system which, I suspected, might have been responsible for this crime. These usurers frequently cheated their unfortunate clients, and never had any hesitation about foreclosing in order to gain an advantage.

In due course the depositions arrived at my house, together with sundry "exhibits." One of these was distinctly gruesome—the severed thumb which figured in the case, now preserved in a bottle of spirit. Other exhibits included photostat copies of several sets of finger-prints and an ancient British cavalry sword of the pattern in vogue at the time of the Indian Mutiny, of which it was probably a relic.

The police had found this weapon, blood-stained from tip to hilt, lying beside the dead merchant. It bore finger-prints, but they were those of the deceased. Close search in the debris of rice, raw curry ingredients, beans, meal, and flour which lay strewn on the floor revealed the one and only clue—that severed left thumb which, after it had been photographed, now reposed in the bottle of spirit.

Eventually, when the eleven-year-old set of Juma finger-prints had been examined, the ridges and furrows on the thumb of the left hand were

The Author is a distinguished lawyer who spent many years in East Africa as Crown Counsel, Resident Magistrate, and Acting Solicitor-General. Here is the strange story of a murder case that came very near making legal history.

found to bear a pattern identical with that of the severed specimen. The full name of the owner of these prints was Juma bin Hamadi, and the official details

recorded that he had left for Tanganyika about ten years previously, soon after his conviction for stealing meal.

C.I.D. men immediately combed Tanganyika, Zanzibar, and the neighbouring mainland for persons whose left thumbs were missing. Oddly enough, there were quite a number of them, but they were soon able to establish their innocence. The hunt went on, however, for close on two years. Meanwhile the clove season came round again—Zanzibar provides the bulk of the world's supplies of cloves and clove oil—and twenty thousand pickers arrived from various areas seeking employment.

Eventually an indefatigable Arab inspector of the C.I.D. named Sultan heard of a newcomer, known as Kongoni, who was minus a left thumb. Brought to the police-station, this man frankly admitted he had been in Zanzibar before, but not during the past five years. Yes; he had certainly lost his thumb—many years previously. An accident had happened when he was chopping logs with a sharp axe. He insisted that he had never been convicted of any crime and had never had his finger-prints taken.

I should add that the stump of his thumb, at the point of severance, was so completely healed over that it was impossible for the doctors to estimate, even approximately, the date of the amputation.

It looked rather like stalemate, but the C.I.D. were not beaten. Police-Inspector Sultan felt convinced he had got hold of the right man, and accordingly put Kongoni in a private room to await the arrival of the European C.I.D. Superintendent who, the suspect was informed, wished to have a few words with him. Before leaving his prisoner Sultan summoned a native attendant and instructed him to provide food and drink. Kongoni was soon tucking into a plate of *mfusi* (meat and rice) followed by a copious draught of home-made lemonade from a beautifully-polished glass which he took from the tray held out to him.

Now, all unknown to him, he was "in the bag"! His finger-prints, lavishly distributed over the glass, plate, tray, and other utensils, were found to correspond exactly with those which partnered the thumb on the eleven-year-old prints of Juma bin Hamadi, and the severed thumb belonged to his left hand!

This was extremely interesting, of course, but it didn't prove that Juma, *alias* Kongoni, had committed the murder. When confronted with the exhibit in the bottle, and informed that it was believed to be his missing thumb, the suspect



hotly denied the suggestion. *His* vanished member, he declared, must long since have rotted away on a remote farm in Tanganyika Territory, where he had lost it more years ago than he could recall.

This was still his attitude at the time I undertook his defence, although the police had now built up a strong case against him. The prints, together with the bottled thumb, were sent by special diplomatic post to Scotland Yard, whose Fingerprint Bureau experts confirmed that the thumb-prints were identical with those in the old record, which likewise corresponded with the fresh prints on the glass and other utensils. The Scotland Yard folk went even farther; they sent back a set of enlarged photostats, neatly marked and tabulated, showing enough identical "loops" and "whorls" to put the ownership of the all-important thumb beyond any possible doubt.

When I first interviewed Juma he glibly repeated the story about the mishap with the axe. I didn't believe it, and accordingly showed him a large photograph of a group which included myself. "Do you recognize anybody here?" I asked him.

He studied it carefully, and then

pointed me out. "That is you," he announced, confidently.

"Right!" I said. "Well, in the same way as you have identified my portrait, I know you are the man who stole that meal eleven years ago! I know because prints of fingers are just the same as photographs of faces, and can be recognized just as easily.

"When you drank that lemonade in the police-station you left the impressions of your fingers on the glass, thereby enabling the police to prove that you were Juma, the man who stole the meal! You may have a very good defence to this charge of murder—you may even have lost your thumb in defending yourself against attack—but I can do nothing for you unless you confide in me and tell me the real facts, without keeping



"He might have struck the Indian more than once."



anything back. As an advocate I am pledged not to reveal what you say without your permission, but I *must* know the truth. Now go away and think over what I have said. Only the truth can help you !”

I went on to assure him that he could see me as often as he wished, and he departed with his escort, seemingly deep in thought.

Although I imagined I had made an impression on him, I did not see or hear from Juma again till the day of the trial, when he pleaded “Not Guilty.” He stubbornly denied his identity ; his name, he declared, was Musa bin Ali, nicknamed “Kongoni” by his friends and associates.

The prosecution opened with the finger-print evidence, given in great detail. I did not cross-examine. The witnesses who testified to hearing noise and shouting on the night of the tragedy asserted, when re-examined, that “many people” were involved in the fighting. No one identified Juma ; nobody appeared to have seen him before.

Juma nearly made legal history, and would undoubtedly have done so if he had stuck to his original story. When the Court rose for lunch, however, he signalled to me from the dock. We went together to a corner, out of hearing of everyone, but within view of the escort.

“Well, Juma,” I said. “What’s bothering you ?”

“I want to tell you everything,” he burst out. “While we were waiting for the trial to commence my friends came to talk to me. They said that if I didn’t tell *Bwana* McCarthy the truth, and trust you to do your best for me, things would go badly for me. I might even be hanged !”

“They were quite right,” I commented, gravely. “You are undoubtedly in a very serious position. What is the truth, Juma ?”

He looked me full in the face.

“I *was* in that fight with the Indian,” he said, earnestly. “It *was* me who stole the meal years ago. And that is my thumb in the bottle !” He went on to tell me a great deal more.

When the Court resumed I allowed the prosecution to complete their case and then applied for an adjournment until the following day. I indicated that I did not intend to call any evidence ; instead I proposed to put in a written statement by the accused. There was dead

silence while I was speaking, but when I finished I heard audible sighs of relief from the Judge, Crown Prosecutor, and the police-officers concerned.

In his statement—which I condensed from a long and rambling story—Juma said there had been a heated quarrel about debts between himself and the Indian, culminating in the latter striking at him with a sword. The blow sliced off Juma’s thumb and, mad with pain and rage, he looked about for a weapon with which to defend himself. Finally he snatched up one of the cultivating implements the merchant sold in his shop. He might have struck the Indian more than once, he said ; he could not remember. Meanwhile both of them were yelling, and many people arrived, aroused by the din. Thereupon Juma ran away to get his wounds dressed, being afraid he would die through loss of blood. He had not intended to kill the money-lender. Appropriately enough, this statement was signed, in the native fashion, with the print of his solitary thumb.

The deposition was not made on oath, but the Judge read it over to the accused, who said it was correct. He could not be cross-examined on it, and on his behalf I put in a plea of self-defence, submitting that the circumstances disclosed merited only light punishment.

Found guilty of manslaughter, my client was sentenced to three months’ simple imprisonment. Everyone was happy, including the prisoner himself. Jail, with its good food, a bed, a roof overhead, and nothing whatever to worry about, does not strike the native as a very formidable place.

A faded letter lying in front of me recalls this unique episode which, owing to the complexity of the legal points involved, came within an ace of going before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—Britain’s august Court of Final Appeal—for ultimate decision. It was written by Judge Knight Bruce soon after the hearing.

“I wish to express my thanks for your generosity in taking up the defence in the ‘Finger Case’ without any prospect of reward, and my appreciation of the part you played in bringing it to a satisfactory conclusion. I dread to think of the time it might have lasted, and the length and difficulty of the judgment.”

**I**N 1906 I was stationed at Tenom, British North Borneo. One day my Chinese “boy” presented me with an eight-weeks-old puppy. I knew nothing of his origin, and thought it advisable not to press Ah

Sing for information on that point. All the same, I was rather impressed with the little fellow’s appearance. Smooth-haired, he was white with brown markings, and had small drop ears that indicated at least one European forebear and should, I thought, gain him the respect of the prick-eared *pi*-dogs who might some day fall foul of him. Short, splay-footed forelegs, like a bulldog’s, and a back sloping up to longish

## “BODOH”

By L. A. J.

Bodoh was the Author’s dog, and contrived to get himself into disgrace. By his last exploit, however, he made full atonement.

hind legs, gave him a distinctly freakish profile. I called him “Bodoh,” which is Malay for “fool,” owing to his clownish ways ; but the name was equally apt, as events proved, in the sense of foolhardiness.

He accompanied me to Kota Belud a year

later when I was appointed District Officer there.

My bungalow was situated on a hill, looking down two or three hundred feet to the Tempasuk River, which wound its way through the *lalang* plain with a few native villages on its banks. About twenty-five miles beyond, the steep crags of Mt. Kinabalu rose to a height of nearly 14,000 feet.





"The barking dog was still unaware of the cobra's proximity."

I hadn't been there long before Bodoh got into trouble. Many of the natives—mostly Dusuns—kept goats, as my pet soon discovered. He was free to wander as he pleased in the day-time when, if not travelling, I was busy with office or Court work, and this freedom proved his undoing. One morning a man came to complain that Bodoh—now the size of a bull-terrier—had killed his goat, a valuable milker. His small son, he declared, had watched the dog seize the luckless animal by the throat, drag her into the river, and hold her there till she died. Then the frightened boy ran home and told his parents.

I sympathized with the owner, paid him the cash value of the goat, and promised to keep a tighter hand on Bodoh in future. He departed apparently satisfied.

After that I received complaints from other goat-owners, having to decide their *bona fides* for myself with the help of the Sergeant of Police, a wily Pathan with an almost uncanny knowledge of the Tempasuk native.

The crisis came with a visit from Orang Kaya Arsat, an influential Malay chief, who, with many apologies, explained that Bodoh had made a savage attack on his own dog, the Nimrod of the district, biting him so badly that he would be useless in future for deer-driving, his special rôle, and might even have to be destroyed.

This was startling news, and hit me nearly as hard as it did the owner, because I had recently taken part in a deer-hunt and bagged a fine

sambur buck. This was entirely due to the sagacity of the chief's dog.

Nevertheless, it was with a heavy heart that I decided Bodoh must die, despite his fine qualities as a faithful companion and guard, unless I could somehow reform him within a week—a seemingly impossible feat.

I had hardly disposed of this episode before Sergeant Jaffar Khan came to report the escape of a prisoner named Akek, who had been jailed for buffalo-theft. This was a common-enough crime in the Tempasuk district; but Akek was an old offender, and the ringleader of a gang of Bajau outlaws recently brought to justice by Orang Kaya Arsat himself.

Akek hailed from Saiap, a village in the foothills of Mt. Kinabalu, and I arranged to search the district the next day, taking with me a squad of police, mostly Dyaks, and the dog Bodoh. We had to travel afoot, as ponies could not easily negotiate the narrow jungle paths on steep hillsides.

Bodoh kept close at heel till we were about a mile from the village of Saiap, a collection of *atap*-roofed bamboo huts perched high on the hillside.

To our left was a deep pool, a backwater of a stream that had its source in Kinabalu itself, and flowed over the rocks in a series of cascades. We were passing this when Bodoh gave a deep growl, shot away from us, and bounded across the boulders into the jungle. In a flash he was out of sight but, to judge from his barking, had halted about a hundred yards from the path. We



followed cautiously to a gap where we could just see his head as he stared up into a tree which had its upper branches hidden by creepers.

Presently the frenzied barking ceased. There was a fierce growl, followed by a piteous yelp of pain; then came silence. Bodoh was no longer visible, so we guessed he had been injured. But by what?

Next moment I saw a shortish man in Bajau dress, with a *parang* in his belt, scramble to the ground, where he picked up something—probably a spear—and disappeared into the jungle. It was Akek, the escaped prisoner! I told the police to follow at top speed, and shoot if they must, but not to kill.

The fugitive was scaling a high rock that hindered his get-away when one of the constables shot him in the leg and brought him sliding to the ground. He managed to struggle to his feet and face his pursuers but, reckoning further resistance useless, surrendered quietly.

I found poor Bodoh lying at the foot of the tree, still breathing, but obviously in a bad way. As I bent over him anxiously he opened his eyes and tried to wag his tail. Then he made a great effort to stand up; but his strength had gone, and he fell back dead. Meanwhile I had made an odd discovery: there was no blood either on the dog or on the ground where he lay. What on earth had killed him? I noticed that Akek, now handcuffed, was talking excitedly to the police, and as he seemed to have something to tell me I called him over.

"*Tuan*," he said in Malay, "I no kill dog! Big snake bite him; then I kill snake with spear. *Tuan* go find dead snake!"

Sure enough, we found a big hamadryad

lying dead a few feet away from the tree where the dog had stood.

I learnt from Akek that he had shinned up the tree directly he saw the snake gliding towards him menacingly through the undergrowth. Then the dog appeared. The outlaw recognized Bodoh and, confronted with two enemies, one threatening his life and the other his freedom, planned to make an end of both. First of all he left poor Bodoh to his fate. From the branch where he lay hidden he saw the king cobra's gleaming eyes fixed with intense malignity on the barking dog, which was still unaware of the snake's proximity. Then it moved nearer, reared its head with neck dilated and, after a preliminary quiver, struck full at Bodoh's throat.

Intent on his own objective, the dog spotted the reptile too late, but nevertheless turned on his deadly assailant with a growl of rage. At this juncture Akek threw his spear with all the skill of the jungle hunter, pinning the snake to the ground and killing it. Next, shinning down the tree, he hurriedly resumed his interrupted flight.

That was the prisoner's story, and I can vouch for its strict truth. Hamadryads generally hunt in pairs, but we saw nothing of the dead monster's mate.

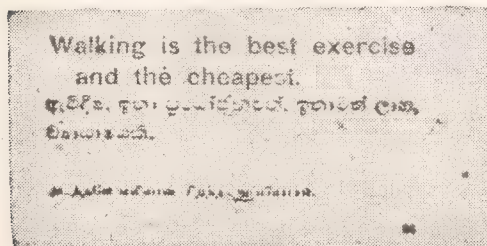
Akek was limping badly from his wound, so we got him to Saiap, dressed the injury, and left him with the headman, whom I made responsible for his safe custody until he was fit to travel.

As for Bodoh, my police, who were all very fond of him, eagerly took turns at carrying his body back to Kota Belud, where we buried him with full military honours at the foot of the District Officer's flagstaff.

I missed my pet sorely; I had lost a good pal, and Borneo an unacknowledged hero.

## THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT

EXTRAORDINARY as it may appear, the accompanying photograph represents the reverse side of a tram-ticket! Sending us the little pink slip of pasteboard, a Lancashire reader writes: "This tram-ticket was issued to me in Colombo, Ceylon, in January, 1948. The statement on back is doubtless perfectly correct, but hardly strikes one as good advertising for a public transport undertaking!" The legend—most encouraging, surely, to the passenger who failed to get a seat!—is yet another example of well-intentioned but nevertheless misdirected propaganda, reminiscent of the hard-pressed British Railways' wartime challenge: "Is your journey really necessary?"



## A MOUNTAIN-TOP "STEAMER"



THE unsuspecting motorist driving through the Alleghany Mountains, U.S.A., is liable to get a distinct surprise when he glimpses, on the summit of a distant peak, the superstructure, funnels, and flag-decorated masts of a large ocean-going vessel. Actually, as the accompanying photograph reveals, the dry-land "ship" is a well-known hotel located at a place appropriately known as Grand View Ridge, Somerset County, Pennsylvania, at an elevation of 2,601ft. A wonderful prospect embracing seven counties and three States—Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia—is visible from the "observation deck" of the hotel, which is a popular rendezvous for travellers on the famous Lincoln Highway.



# AUSTRALIA'S



Early morning at an "outback" post-office. The post-mistress is awaiting the arrival of the mail-van.



UT beyond the last railhead in the frontier lands of Australia a threadbare carpet of silvery-grey saltbush and khaki-coloured "Mitchell" grass had swept along beneath us for an hour on end, without any sign of human habitation.



The R.A.A.F. pilot put the nose of the Douglas down until the thin line of track snaking across the plains showed up like the red weal of a whip-lash. He pointed at an object crawling along some distance ahead.

"That's the mail-truck from Tibooburra," he said, and, looking more closely, I saw that stores were piled high on the vehicle. Somewhere among them were bags of letters and parcels on their way to the lonely "outback" cattle stations.

If you addressed a letter from anywhere in the world to Nappa Merri or Cordillo Downs—the squat, iron-roofed homesteads of pioneer cattlemen and their families—it would no doubt begin its journey in a fast air-liner. But it would inevitably finish up in the mail-truck from Tibooburra, bumping over the sun-baked plains in a cloud of powdery red dust, or (if the rains had broken) sideslipping and skidding on greasy mud.

Roaring over the truck, we swept out into the territory where the boundaries of three States meet, covering in a couple of hours the "beat" that takes the mail-man just on a week.

Tibooburra, the base for two or three of

A most interesting account of the task accomplished by the hard-bitten, resourceful fellows who carry Her Majesty's mails to the remotest parts of Australia's vast "Outback," covering hundreds of miles of difficult, sparsely-inhabited country in motor-trucks, buckboards, or on horseback. They have to face all sorts of hazards, from fires to floods and lurking crocodiles, but they seldom fail to deliver their letters; at all costs the mail must go through!

these mail-runs, is a tiny settlement in the north-west of New South Wales, nine hundred miles from Sydney. It is linked with the nearest railhead, Broken Hill, by a two-day road service and a radio telephone.

The mail-truck we saw on the track goes out once a fortnight, and covers seven hundred and twenty-eight miles of typical inland country. Travelling through the border fence into Queensland, it crosses the western line into South Australia, returns into Queensland, and then continues into South Australia again, serving cattlemen who have settled in the lonely region where the ill-fated Burke and Wills expedition came to grief in 1861, its leaders perishing miserably from thirst and hunger.

These hardy folk are kept in touch with civilization by radio, but their supplies arrive by the fortnightly mail-service. Passengers from Tibooburra share the driver's cabin, or make themselves as comfortable as they can on top of the load.



# MAIL-MEN

By  
**JOHN  
LOUGHLIN**



The mail-man arrives at the station gate, where the children greet him eagerly.

Hard-bitten, determined, and wonderfully resourceful, the men who run Her Majesty's overland mails in the Australian back-country are completely at home in their harsh environment.

"Town life," for them, means isolated places such as Tibooburra—and they don't care for anything more complicated. Born to the open plains, they like the horizon all round to be unbroken; if a respectable mountain were to suddenly come into sight it might bring on an attack of claustrophobia!

These modern "knights of the road" appreciate the brooding silence of the plains, preferring the companionship of the cattlemen and drovers they meet on the track, and the solitary miners and other rugged individuals who inhabit the "Never Never," to any other.

## A FORBIDDING WILDERNESS

The city-dweller finds the immensity of the "Inland" strangely forbidding. He would be terrified—and with good reason—at the idea of venturing alone into a wilderness which these hardy mail-men know as intimately as the wandering aborigines. They have faced its droughts, its floods, its vast grass-fires, and its daily hardships and have come to understand it. To-day they keep alive the traditions of the famous Cobb and Co's stage-coach mail-runs, which followed the trails of the pioneers in the early days of Australian settlement.

Until recently there was a real veteran among the contractors employed by the Postmaster-General's Department. This was Jim McDougall, who for seventeen years carried the mails on packhorses from Laura, a settlement of four buildings at the railhead inland from Cooktown, in the far north of Queensland.

McDougall's reputation for fearlessness was known all over the North. Every fortnight he set out from Laura to ride a hazardous round trip of three hundred and fifty miles to Coen, one of the loneliest outposts in Australia, away up on Cape York Peninsula. On this run Jim used up to twelve packhorses. Each fortnight he spent thirteen days in the saddle, riding thirty miles a day, and spent the remaining day overhauling his gear and attending to his animals.

During the four months of monsoonal rains he had to swim his horses over flooded rivers, some of them two miles wide and infested with crocodiles. In the dry season he covered long waterless stretches in tropical heat.

Everywhere he went the mail-man was liked and respected. If word got round that Jim McDougall was overdue on his run there were anxious inquiries, and the pilot of the weekly north-bound 'plane would fly low to keep a lookout for him.

Jim McDougall did not finish his last run at the end of 1951. He died as he would probably have wished—in harness, on the trail.

In North Queensland, where the rain is measured by the foot during the wet season, streams speedily become rushing torrents or breach their banks and flood wide expanses of country. Even packhorses cannot get the mails through, and the mail-man may have to use boats. At some notorious river-crossings supplies of petrol, spare vehicles, and winches are left in readiness and the mail is taken across in improvised canvas boats. Resourceful drivers sometimes build rafts with the ubiquitous petrol-drums and ferry their vehicles over.

A huge area of waving grass plains south of the Gulf of Carpentaria—the great breeding-ground for beef cattle—is sparsely settled by stockmen. Their mail travels two hundred and sixty miles west of Cairns, on the coast, to Forsyth. A motor truck then carries it a hundred and thirty miles to Croydon, whence contractors





A mobile telephone-exchange on its way to an isolated area.

take some of the mail out to the scattered homesteads and mining camps. The rest travels another hundred miles on an old-style motor-train to Normanton, on the Gulf. There other mail-men load up their trucks in the dusty main street and head out for more remote homesteads and mission stations.

One of these men does a weekly hundred-and-eighty-mile trip in a "buckboard," carrying a gun to protect his horses from attacks by crocodiles. Another goes north along the west coast of the Cape for three hundred miles to the Mitchell river. This is a desolate region of mangrove-fringed rivers and treacherous tidal reaches that have to be forded at considerable risk.

Inland air services have reached more and more points in recent years, reducing to less

fantastic dimensions the problems of time and space in the million-square-mile desert and semi-desert interior of the continent. But there are still hundreds of overland mail-men serving tiny out-of-the-way "islands" of settlements. Names on the map are few and widely scattered, and many of them denote little more than single station homesteads or miners' camps.

One mail-man, in South Australia, serves a strange mining settlement—the Coober Pedy opal-field—where the post-office, the store, and the homes of the opal gougers are all located in caves burrowed into the sides of a sandstone hill.

One of the longest and loneliest mail-runs in Western Australia—a total of 1,164 miles—extends from inland Meekatharra to Marble Bar, some 400 miles north, where temperatures



A travelling post-office on a six-hundred-mile run in the interior.



hovering between 100 deg. and 120 deg. Fahrenheit for weeks on end give it the unenviable reputation of being the hottest spot in Australia.

### LETTERS FOR LIGHTHOUSES

Delivering mails to the hundreds of lighthouses round the twelve-thousand miles coast-line usually demands more ingenuity than endurance. Motor-launches are normally used, but at Robbins Island, off the north-west coast of Tasmania, the mail arrives by packhorse, the mail-man timing his arrival to catch low tide, so that his mount can wade across to the island.

The lighthouse on Tasman Island, off Tasmania, is perched on cliffs that rise sheer for nearly 1,000 ft. A launch goes in with the mail from the lighthouse steamer *Cape York*, which has to lie a quarter of a mile off shore.

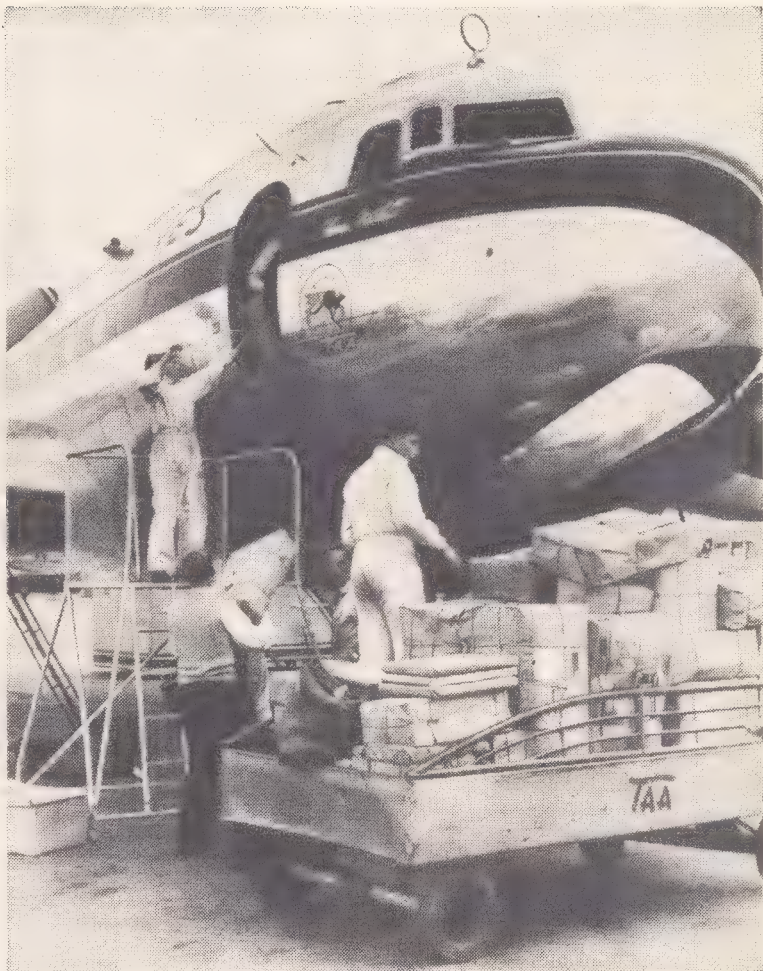
Eighty feet up the cliff face is a platform from which a wire cable leads down to a pinnacle of rock jutting up from the sea. While the launch waits under this cable, bobbing about between cliff and rock, a large cork basket is drawn along the cable by winch and lowered to the launch.

When the mail, stores, and an occasional passenger have been hauled up to the platform, a wooden trolley runs them up the cliff, at an angle of 45 degrees, to reach the summit of the precipice hundreds of feet above.

And now for a few historical notes concerning the mail-services.

New South Wales, oldest of the Australian States, established the first regular system in 1803. In that year the Governor issued regulations fixing the charges to be made by boatmen for carrying letters between Sydney and Parramatta.

A Government official named Isaac Nichols, whose main job was to board incoming ships and examine their cargoes, built up a profitable little sideline for himself by collecting mails intended for the colony and delivering them. Names of the addressees were published in the *Government Gazette*, and Nichols was allowed to charge 1s. for each letter he delivered and 2s. 6d. to 5s. for every parcel, according to its weight.



A Trans-Australian air-liner loading mail.

The business developed so satisfactorily that the Governor eventually decided to make it Nichols' full-time job, and appointed him as Australia's first Postmaster, with authority to look after the local mails as well as those from England.

Settlements gradually sprang up in other parts of the Continent—settlements that were to become the modern capital cities of to-day—and the pioneers pushed steadily inland, where mounted police or troopers, armed against bush-rangers, carried their letters inland. One Marathon horseback service, ridden by armed men, linked Sydney with the infant settlement at Melbourne—a distance of six hundred miles. The mail-men took five weeks for the journey, using relays of horses.

New South Wales ushered in the picturesque era of the stage-coach when, in 1825, it called for tenders "for the conveyance of mails inland by coach or light vehicle at a speed of seven miles in the hour."

Rich gold discoveries in Victoria at the beginning of the 'fifties lured to Australia thousands of Californian diggers, adventurers, scallywags—and four men from that famous American



firm of carriers and mail-contractors known as Wells Fargo. One of these men was Freeman Cobb.

### "COBB & CO"

Instead of joining in the fevered rush to the newly-found goldfields at Ballarat and Bendigo, the quartet proceeded to establish the stage-coach service of "Cobb and Co.," carrying fortune-seekers, mails, and supplies to the fields and returning with the fabulous consignments of gold that were being won. They ran the service with new coaches imported from America at a cost of 3,000 dollars apiece—the swaying, pitching stage-coaches familiar to-day in "Western" films. At £5 a head, diggers clung on wherever they could get a grip as the vehicles jolted along the rutted tracks to Bendigo, a distance of a hundred and ten miles. Cobb and Co. were soon given the Government mail contract, and "Royal Mail" was emblazoned on the sides of the coaches.

Money and gold-dust were plentiful in the roaring 'fifties, and Cobb and Co. shared in the general prosperity. Eventually Freeman Cobb parted with his interests, in order to return to California, and later his partners sold the service.

In the hands of James Rutherford, another American with a talent for organization, the stage coaches continued to rumble over new, self-made tracks in the various colonies, gradually

spreading out to the fringes of settlement in Eastern Australia.

By 1865 Cobb and Co. lines were running in New South Wales and Queensland. They were harnessing six thousand horses a day; their coaches were covering over twenty-eight thousand miles a week, carrying mails and passengers. Bushrangers were among the numerous hazards of the runs; during the gold-rushes, outlaw bands held up stage coaches no fewer than thirty-six times. In 1862 the Frank Gardiner gang held up the Forbes-Bathurst coach and got away with £3,700 in cash and 2,719 oz. of gold.

Bushrangers, forest fires, and floods could not stop the mails from going through when Cobb and Co. established a run, but the coming of railway services gradually drove the coaches off the roads, and a picturesque era passed into history. Remarkable to relate, however, it was not until 1924 that the last Cobb coach went out of business in Queensland!

Inland airlines, mainly equipped with light 'planes capable of operating on the "home-made" air-strips of cattle-stations, are now slowly ousting the "outback" mail-carriers of to-day just as the railways did the stage coaches. But hundreds of overland services still criss-cross the lonely plains, and for a long time to come men of courage and endurance will be needed to operate them. Hats off to the Australian mail-men!

## AN OLD IRISH LANDMARK

THE thoughts of Irishmen overseas, as might be expected, often turn wistfully towards home. Many of these "exiles" will be interested to study the photograph here reproduced—a heartening proof to the wanderer far away that, despite sundry inevitable modern developments, rural Ireland still remains much the same. Our picture shows the ancient windmill at Tacum-

shane, Co. Wexford, a massive structure with a conical thatched roof and a circular stone tower, immaculately whitewashed. We are informed that the machinery inside—wonderfully constructed of wood by old-time craftsmen—is still in excellent order. The busy porkers in the foreground add the authentic Irish touch!





# PHASES OF LIFE

FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

**T**RAVEL-  
LERS  
visiting  
Mombasa,  
Kenya, on

journeys from Britain or South Africa, are interested to behold, as their ship steams through the tortuous entrance to the harbour, the incongruous spectacle of what appears to be a gigantic elephant standing in the sea near the rocks at the foot of the island's signal-station.

The monster's trunk droops into the water, its knees are awash at high tide, and the whipping spray of the surf blurs its outlines. Closer view reveals that the "elephant" is actually a peculiar-shaped mass of metal, gradually rusting away under the ceaseless pounding of the waves.

Tourists who make inquiries about this odd landmark learn that it represents the last vestiges of a luckless ship which went aground on the coral reef forming the boundary of the deep-water channel affording access to the harbour. Everyone calls it "The Elephant," and is aware that it is all that remains of a fine vessel. Only a few people, however, know the full history of this strange object. Over forty years have elapsed since the reef claimed the ship, and there are not many old-timers left who remember the disaster.

Through inquiries initiated by my newspaper, and sundry interviews, I have been able to piece together the story of the ship from which this curious monument, so symbolic of Africa, has been fashioned by the restless ocean.

She was the S.S. *Almadi*, of five thousand tons. On the night of March 13th, 1910, while

## THE ELEPHANT

By JOHN A. LEECH,  
of Mombasa, Kenya

Vivid little "close-ups" descriptive of manners and customs and prevailing conditions in various parts of the globe. We welcome contributions to this feature.

south-east corner of the island, where a sharp swing to starboard would take her safely through the reef. She was then very close to the shore, for the Mombasa entrance-channel is like a steep-sided canyon with rough coral walls. Directly the *Almadi*'s helm was out of action she drifted helplessly on to the reef beneath the winking lights of the signal-station that had beckoned her to safety.

Once on the rocks, the ship stubbornly resisted all efforts to refloat her, and was finally abandoned and sold at auction. She was bought for £150 by a Mr. Hassanali Jivanjee, who used most of the timber salvaged from the wreck to build a cottage overlooking the sea not far away. His son, Mr. B. H. E. Jivanjee, who now lives at Tanga, remembers his father telling him that the *Almadi* was a Mogul Line ship trading between India and East Africa in the pioneer days when there was fierce competition between various companies.

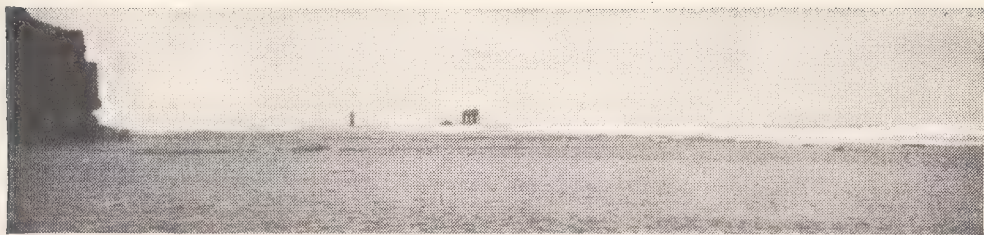
One of the few remaining residents of Mombasa who recall the disaster is Mr. D. Chitnavis. When she went ashore, he says, the *Almadi* was carrying a cargo of cloves. In an effort to lighten

on a voyage from Zanzibar to Bombay, she was entering Mombasa when her steering-gear suddenly broke down and she was driven on to the reef. This mishap befell after she had successfully negotiated the straight fairway leading to the outer marks and begun the ninety-degree turn to port necessary to bring her in line with the second set of marks and thence to the



The ill-fated *Almadi* as she appeared at low water after drifting ashore.





The remains of the *Almadi's* engines, viewed from a certain angle, bear a resemblance to an elephant with extended trunk.

her the bags of cloves were thrown overboard, and an offer by the ship's agents of one rupee per bag for salvage resulted in much activity by native fishing-boats. "The sodden cloves were eventually sold for a song," Mr. Chitnavis told me, "and everywhere in Mombasa one could see cloves spread out to dry."

After it was decided to give up further attempts to save the stranded vessel, everything of value was removed from her and the hulk left to its fate. Within less than five years the

seas broke her up, and since then the wreck has disappeared bit by bit until all that now remains are a few keel plates, the propeller, and the massive low-pressure cylinders which, with their mountings, form "The Elephant." This constitutes a familiar landmark to residents, a curiosity to visitors, a handy perch for the seagulls, and a silent memorial of a night when man's ceaseless battle against the elements was won by the sea and the cruel rocks.

# A TRAGEDY OF SUPERSTITION

By E. KNOWLES JORDAN

**T**HE facts of the amazing case here set forth were related to me by a friend who acted as an assessor at the subsequent trial. The story, needless to say, is absolutely authentic, and shows what a strong hold superstition has upon the present-day African, even though he may have acquired a certain amount of education.

Mukumbi was a well-known village headman, living in Northern Rhodesia, not far from the Tanganyika border. An intelligent, sophisticated type, he spoke English fluently; in his younger days he had spent several years as a waiter in one of the large hotels at Cape Town. It might have been expected that, after this experience, he would have become rather less credulous than untravelling natives.

Eventually Mukumbi decided to leave South Africa and return home. Not long afterwards, being regarded as an eminently suitable and responsible individual, he was appointed headman of his community, the former holder of the office having died. Mukumbi fulfilled his duties excellently, but before many months had elapsed he developed a secret worry. The last two heads of his family had both passed away more or less suddenly, in what appeared to him to be extremely suspicious circumstances; he suspected that some enemy had been using witchcraft, and feared that a similar fate might befall himself.

This anxiety became almost an obsession with the headman, and finally, after much thought, he decided to consult a distant relative named Timothy, who had been brought up with him as a boy and was now an intimate friend. This man lived a day's journey away, in Tanganyika Territory, and during recent years had become a medicine-man of the "benevolent" type, making a living by prescribing potions for everyday

aches and pains. According to his own account, he had achieved a fair measure of success, both from his own and his patients' point of view.

After much characteristic beating about the bush, Mukumbi opened his heart to his boyhood companion, begging him to supply some magical brew that would protect him against malignant spells and ensure long life; he had no wish to die prematurely, like his predecessors.

Timothy listened very sympathetically, but reluctantly pointed out that the concoction of such powerful "medicine" was beyond him; he was only a humble beginner in the occult arts. Mukumbi, however, attributed this hesitation to mistaken modesty, and continued to pester his friend to comply with his request, stressing its importance from his own point of view.

Eventually, while on a journey, Timothy went out of his way to visit a celebrated old witch-doctor to whom he put his friend's case. Could the wizard assist him?

The aged seer replied that he possessed the secret of the very thing Timothy's client required, and was prepared—for a suitable consideration, of course—to provide a marvellous long-life elixir, with full instructions as to its use. The visitor, vastly impressed, forthwith purchased this miraculous brew, carefully noting how it was to be administered. He had hardly got back to his own village when Mukumbi arrived, eager to learn if he had met with any luck. When Timothy explained what had transpired the headman was hugely delighted.

"Splendid!" he cried, joyfully. "We will start for my village early to-morrow morning, and you can begin the treatment directly we get to my house."

But this arrangement did not suit Timothy; having only just returned from a long journey

he was anxious to make up for lost time by putting in some urgent work on his fields. He would come along in a week's time, he said; surely Mukumbi could wait a few days longer.

Still fearful of witchcraft, however, the headman declined this suggestion, and eventually arranged a compromise. He worked in the fields with his friend for a couple of days; then the pair of them set off for Mukumbi's village, which they reached in the evening. Arrived home, the excited Mukumbi told his wife about the wonderful medicine which Timothy had obtained from the wizard—medicine which would ensure him a ripe old age and immunity from the evil spells cast by his enemies. The wife, no doubt, was suitably impressed; anyway, she offered no objection to her lord and master submitting himself to the treatment.

The following morning, at dawn, the two men shut themselves up in a room and prepared to carry out the ritual that was to safeguard the headman against the machinations of his foes, illness, accident, lethal weapons, and all forms of witchcraft. Mukumbi had already been informed as to the procedure to be followed, and was most eager to undergo the ordeal. Timothy, of course, had brought along all his medicine-man paraphernalia—bones, horns filled with mysterious substances, bundles of roots and herbs, and numerous *ju-ju* charms.

Now he spread the skin of a wild-cat on the earthen floor, placing upon it the head of a large iron hoe. Mukumbi was instructed to sit on this implement, with his feet in a shallow basket. In front of him Timothy laid a spear, its point leaning against the headman's left shoulder; on his right side was a small native axe. The medicine-man then gave Mukumbi a magic root to chew, mashed up in gruel, after which he proceeded to make a number of small incisions in the patient's body, into which he rubbed some greasy black compound. His next procedure was to pick up the axe and strike the headman lightly on the back of the neck, making a tiny cut. Finally, standing in front of Mukumbi, Timothy lifted the spear and drove it into his body! The unfortunate man immediately fell back unconscious, blood pouring from a ghastly wound.

Realizing that something had gone completely wrong, for his friend's collapse was not at all according to plan, the deeply-shocked medicine-man tried hard to revive his victim,



"Timothy lifted the spear."

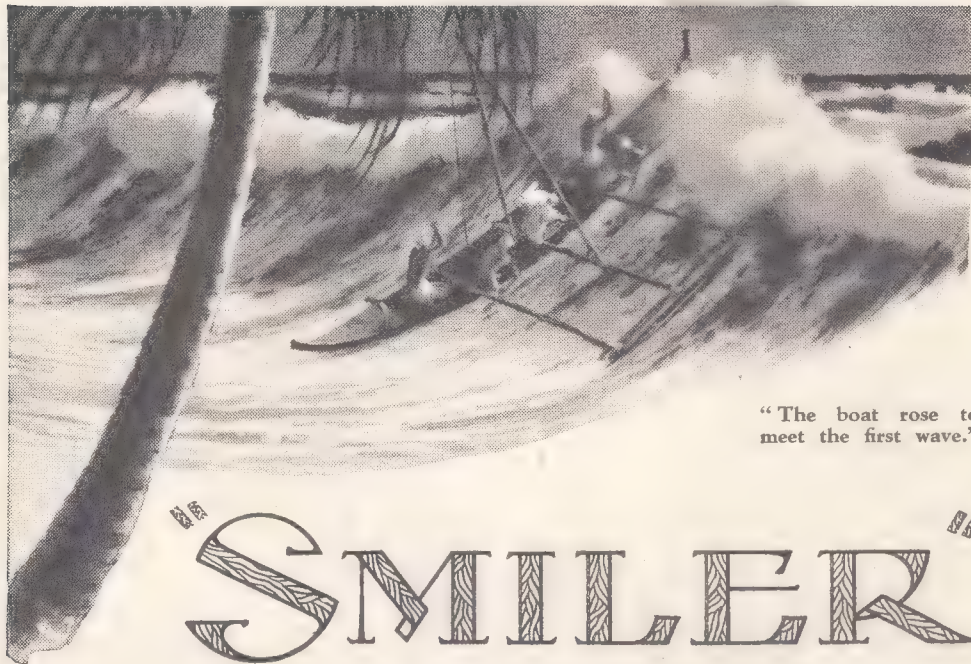
but without success; it was obvious that he was already dead or dying. Summoning another native, he moved the body to another hut, which he forbade anyone to enter. Then, explaining he was going to fetch more "medicine" from his home, Timothy left the village. Once out of sight of the huts he took to his heels, making for the *boma* (Government station) sixty miles away to report the awful tragedy that had befallen him and throw himself on the mercy of the authorities.

Fearing attack by wild animals, the wretched medicine-man spent the first night in a tree, but directly dawn came he descended and pushed on at his best pace. Later on he was found in a state of exhaustion, with his arms clasped tightly round the *boma* flagstaff. Apparently, like some hunted European fugitive in the Middle Ages, he was seeking sanctuary.

Taken before the District Commissioner, he poured out his tale of woe, describing how the old witch-doctor's instructions had caused him to kill his best friend.

Timothy, of course, was brought to trial and duly convicted of murder, with a strong recommendation to mercy, for it was abundantly clear from the evidence that the misguided man had acted throughout in good faith, and was heartbroken at the results of his superstitious folly. Taking all the aspects of the case into consideration, the Judge sentenced him to two years' hard labour.





"The boat rose to meet the first wave."

# SMILER

By L. A. O'LEARY



**T**HE year was 1937, and I was making my first voyage as a fifteen-year-old apprentice in the Merchant Navy. My ship, the *L—*, was a Tyne tramp, engaged on a time-charter to the Kawasaki Kisen Kaisha of Kobe, a Japanese concern generally known, appropriately enough, as the "K" Line. We had sailed in ballast from Yokohama to Malaya, and at the time my story opens were lying offshore at a place called Dungun, in the Federated State of Trengganu, at the centre of the eastern coast of the Peninsula, where we were to load iron ore from the Japanese concession there.

We had already stripped hatches and stowed away the heavy wooden covers, and were busy erecting derricks for the "whipping" aboard of the cargo when a regular flotilla of boats arrived from the shore, packed with coolies. They came aboard not by the orthodox method, but by swarming nimbly up the ship's lofty side, finding finger- and toe-holds on rivet-heads and other projections. They reminded me of monkeys!

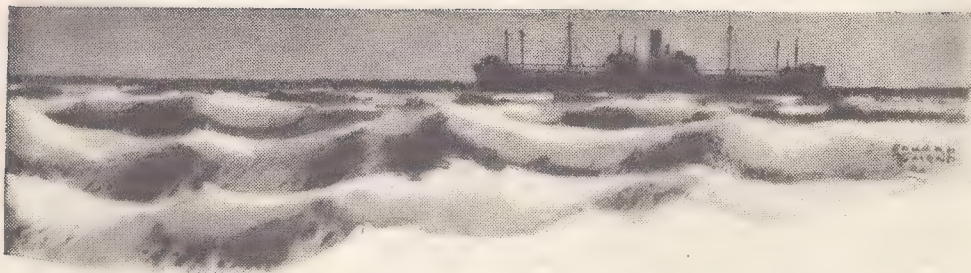
Our Japanese supercargo advanced to meet their headman, and the couple conversed earnestly in Japanese. Presently the first mate was drawn into the discussion, and finally the captain. In due course we were informed that, owing to the dangerous surf, the stevedores engaged to load and trim the ore—about two hundred men—would have to remain aboard until the job was finished. This meant constructing temporary deck-shelters for our unexpected "lodgers," and the mate sent several of us for'ard to break out some old tarpaulins.

Another case of Jack ashore getting into trouble. Having inadvertently made a bitter enemy of a Korean stevedore, a Merchant Navy apprentice found himself in a nasty predicament when he decided to explore a little town in Malaya.

The new arrivals were of mixed nationalities—Chinese, Koreans, and Tamils. They soon began to settle down, and before long the air was full of the mingled odours of their cooking. Lighting fires of coconut husk on iron plates, they proceeded to prepare various curries in shallow iron bowls. Meanwhile we boys wandered around, helping the shelter-builders to lash the covers firmly.

One group of Koreans had taken possession of the space between the four winches on the after-deck, and when I arrived a coolie was in the act of fastening the ropeyarn to the wire runner passing over the barrel of the winch. Regarding this as inadvisable, seeing that we should be needing the winches, I untied the line and made it fast elsewhere. My interference apparently annoyed the Korean, for he gave me a violent push. Taken by surprise, I tripped, and found myself sprawling across the steam-pipe casing. Meanwhile, with a furious expression on his face, my assailant cast off the rope and once more lashed it in its original position.

Not wishing to start an altercation, I said nothing, but nevertheless determined to get my own back. With the help of Norman, another apprentice, I proceeded to check the other winches, making sure that they were all shut off but that the particular one concerned was slightly "on." Then, moving away, we turned steam on to the after-deck. There was a hiss, a couple of clanks as the winch moved—and the flimsy shelter collapsed about the ears of the startled stevedores! Next moment, our purpose achieved, we shut the steam off again, disappearing unobtrusively as the sounds of angry recrimination came to our ears. It was abundantly obvious



that "Smiler"—as I had christened the scowling Korean—was being hotly reproached for his blunder.

Well satisfied that I had paid the stevedore back for the assault, I went about my work. Had I been wiser in the ways of the East, or able to foresee the consequences of my little trick, I should not have been quite so pleased!

The next trouble occurred in connection with the fresh-water supply. The ship had a water-tank capacity of ninety-seven tons, and when we left Yokohama the first mate had only made allowance for the crew's consumption. With a couple of hundred extra men on board the water was now being used up at an alarming rate, and there was no way of bringing replenishment out through the surf on the beach. All of us, therefore, were placed on strict rations of water, and the pump outside the galley-door was locked.

Most of the coolies accepted the inevitable restrictions quite philosophically, but there were a few grumblers. I was given the task of issuing the water-ration to the stevedores every evening after the crew had received their allocation. The particular night when the row started was very humid, and the strain of pumping endlessly into a two-pint dipper had made me hot and irritable. Presently I noticed "Smiler"—who had been appointed water-carrier for his gang—pushing his way roughly through the mild-mannered Tamils, intent on being served first.

Queue-jumping, of course, is nothing new, nor is it confined to Britain, and I certainly wasn't going to wink at it in the case of this ill-natured ruffian. When he had arrived in front of me, therefore, I waved him back to his rightful place at the tail of the line, deliberately suspending my activities until he had sullenly complied with my instructions. The rest of the coolies, naturally, were all in favour of this procedure, but if ever I saw black hatred in a man's eyes I saw it then!

Smiler was in no better temper by the time the others had been supplied and his own turn arrived; he was breathing heavily and evidently in a towering rage. Sensing trouble, I studied him covertly. He was a stockily-built fellow, a good foot shorter than myself, but very powerfully built. With his close-cropped head, beady eyes, and heavy jaw he looked a very unprepossessing specimen.

I duly filled his bucket, but his resentment and impatience induced him to attempt to hustle me, with the result that about a pint of his ration was spilt. This gave Smiler his chance; his voice became shrill with fury as he gesticulated towards the bucket, demanding more water to make up the deficiency.

I couldn't understand a word he said, of course, nor could he understand me, but I contrived to intimate plainly enough that, the water having been lost through his own fault,

there would be no more. With that I turned aside to lock the pump again. Next instant I received a violent push and went flying backwards over the galley-door coaming, landing on the floor inside with a violent jolt. Before I had realized what was happening the Korean had leaped on top of me, his eyes ablaze and his fingers crooked like claws.

Now thoroughly aroused, I promptly grappled with him, but speedily discovered I had met my match. I was a husky lad, but no fifteen-year-old's muscles are equal to a grown man's—and a stevedore's at that! I was almost helpless in the infuriated Korean's grasp, and very soon his hand was clutching my throat, the nails driving deep into my flesh. Try as I would I couldn't break that awful grip; it seemed to me that the expression of fiendish exultation on Smiler's yellow face was the last thing I should ever see.

Faintly I heard a voice shouting; the stranglehold on my throat abruptly relaxed. Seizing my opportunity, I wriggled free and hastily scrambled to my feet, but the Korean instantly leaped up and came after me again. Standing between me and the doorway, he barred my escape and, acting on impulse, I grabbed the lid of a water-pan standing on the stove and hurled it at him. Deftly dodging the missile, the coolie seized one of the cook's knives off the table, and advanced upon me with murderous intent. Before he could make any use of the weapon, however, I retreated a few steps, snatched up the pan, and flung the boiling water over him. With a screech of agony he threw up his arms, dropped to the floor, and lay writhing at my feet. Next moment the second mate jumped through the doorway.

"Hey! What's going on here?" he shouted, looking round him in amazement. "Are you all right, O'Leary?"

I assured him, decidedly shakily, that I was, but he didn't believe me. The steward, hastily summoned, rendered first aid to the pair of us. My injuries consisted of a badly-clawed throat and a bite on the shoulder; Smiler had been pretty badly scalded. After he had received attention he was taken ashore to hospital, and not long afterwards the local representative of the ruler of the State came aboard and informed the captain that the man was mad, and would be suitably dealt with. In my youthful ignorance I wondered if that meant he would have his head chopped off!

Within a few days I had fully recovered from the damage received in the fracas, but secretly decided that, in future, I would conduct myself much more circumspectly.

The little ore-barges came out to us whenever the surf permitted, taking advantage of every calm spell, but nevertheless our loading



proceeded very slowly. The sudden onset of heavy seas—caused in all probability by storms hundreds of miles away—would stop all activity for long periods. The whole operation, judged by present-day standards, was very inefficient, and I've often wondered since if the Japanese did not secretly consider the ore-concession as of secondary importance. Dungun lies only two-hundred-odd miles from Singapore, and at that time did not possess a single European resident!

A fortnight later the Customs launch came alongside the *L*—; it was visiting a number of ports along the coast. Since this handy craft was to assist in bringing stores aboard, making a number of trips between ship and beach, our captain granted some shore-leave and made a small issue of Straits dollars. Taking our bathing costumes with us, Norman and I were soon aboard the launch, together with the third mate. The officer in charge of the craft—who, like most of the other local officials, was a relative of the ruler of Trengganu—warned us that it would be exceedingly dangerous for us to go swimming. We soon understood why, for during the shoreward passage we sighted the triangular dorsal fins of quite a number of sharks.

We landed at a very pleasant spot where a point of land crowned by graceful coconut palms thrust out into the sea. Great waves broke continually on the beach, throwing up masses of spray. The water close inshore, we noted, was stained red by the iron ore spilled from the numerous barges which had capsized in the surf. Further back the land rose slightly, and the jungle seemed to start just beyond the little town. Boy-like, we determined to have a look at that jungle.

The mate informed us that the launch would be returning to the ship at seven o'clock; we were to meet him on the beach well before that hour. We answered "Aye aye, sir," and then hastened away to begin our explorations. Numerous fishing-craft were drawn up on the shore, their spider-web nets hung aloft to dry. We had heard a lot of talk about *proas* and catamarans, but could not give a name to these slim vessels, which were fitted with outriggers and had masts and sails.

There was little to see in the town; it consisted of a collection of matting houses; several Chinese stores; a few toddy-bars, where primitive drinking-vessels made from half-coconuts were chained to the zinc bar-counters; and a hospital mainly consisting of airy verandas. We didn't stop there long but, with a bathe in mind, returned to the beach, where we donned our costumes and lay down, so that the surges from the breakers could reach us. The rush of the cool water over our heated bodies was delicious.

Lazing on those perfect sands, after the confinement of shipboard, was a glorious experience, and when we tired of the waves we sought the shade of the palms. Later we climbed one small tree and twisted off a couple of nuts but, lacking any means of opening them, found ourselves frustrated until a dignified-looking native came along. He seemed to understand our predicament, for he obligingly took off his gown-like garment, clambered quickly aloft, and knocked off several nuts with a large knife. Then, having descended, he deftly split the shells for us, favoured us with a smile and a bow, and took his departure.

This courtesy struck us as remarkable, especially as, later on, we learned that our benefactor was the owner of the grove.

Bethinking ourselves of the jungle, we dressed ourselves and went in search of it. When we reached it we found that the paths were wide and easy to follow. There was no tangle of vegetation such as we had expected, but it was quite wild enough for us; we saw several snakes and heard strange noises in the distance which Norman suggested might be the roaring of tigers.

Our little ramble took more time than we had expected; we did not arrive back in the town until about a quarter to seven. Then we realized that we hadn't yet spent any of our money. We had to pass through the fruit-market, however, and decided to make some purchases there. The prices were surprisingly low; we bought two big string-bags of oranges, a couple of bunches of bananas, and sundry coconuts, limes and mangoes. Then we hurried towards the beach with our heavy burdens.

By the time we reached the rendezvous we were dismayed to see the launch already well offshore, pitching and rolling as it headed towards our ship. Evidently they had got tired of waiting for us! We shouted and waved, but those on board took no notice of us.

We knew that the little vessel would not be coming back again that evening; we should have to spend the night ashore—a prospect that did not strike us as at all unpleasant after the stuffy atmosphere of our shipboard quarters. With no particular plan in mind we retraced our steps to the town. Here, sitting in a Chinese café, we sipped some curious cordial and watched a group of patrons playing *mahjong*. Close by somebody was strumming an odd-looking stringed instrument.

When the music ceased Norman suddenly gave me a nudge.

"I say," he whispered cautiously. "Isn't that your friend Smiler over there to the right?"

Startled, for I had temporarily forgotten all about the Korean, I turned round to find myself gazing straight into the sombre eyes of the stocky little stevedore! His skin still showed white patches where the boiling water had scalded him, and I didn't at all like the expression on his evil face; it somehow suggested gloating anticipation! I half-expected him to leap up and attack me, but rather to my surprise he made no move, and presently looked the other way. When he rose, a few moments later, it was only to approach the bar and purchase a shell of liquor. His walk was unsteady, and I noticed with misgiving that one of the heavy knives used for husking coconuts hung at his waist.

"Let's get out of this," I whispered to Norman and, taking advantage of the fact that the Korean's back was turned, we quietly left the café. Entering another Chinese store, we ordered another cordial, but decided to flee again when Smiler made his appearance, this time accompanied by three disreputable-looking companions, all of them pretty drunk. Hastening into a sort of alcove between some buildings, we imagined we were hidden, but a few moments later our adversary and his friends strolled past, and as they did so Smiler pointed towards us, making some derisive remark.

Norman was inclined to regard the whole

business as rather a lark, but having had some experience of the coolie's malevolence and terrific strength, I felt decidedly scared; it struck me that, if we couldn't shake him off, I might be dead before morning! I had an uncomfortable suspicion that my enemy was staging a sort of cat-and-mouse act, merely waiting for the cover of darkness in order to wreak vengeance on the boy who had twice caused him to "lose face."

Still laden with our bundles of fruit, we made for the beach, approached a fisherman, and tried hard to make him understand that we were anxious to reach our ship. Indicating the towering surf, which now looked really formidable, he shook his head; evidently there was no hope. Shortly afterwards night descended as rapidly as though a gigantic curtain had been lowered. Instinctively we hurried back to the lighted area of the town. Entering a Chinese store, we asked the proprietor where we could find the police, but he merely smiled faintly, shook his head, and then, with an unmistakable gesture, requested us to leave. The pool of radiance outside his shop vanished as he turned off his acetylene lamp, leaving us in darkness again.

Anxiously we looked around us. Light after light was being extinguished in the neighbouring buildings; silence and gloom were settling over the little town. Our

thoughts turned to the iron ore mine and the Japanese officials in charge. The place might represent safety from the skulking Smiler and his companions, but we did not know just where it lay and were in no mood to venture into the jungle in search of it. We wandered hither and thither for some time, keeping well in the open; I feared that at any moment the



"With a screech of agony he threw up his arms."

Korean and his gang might dart out of the shadows and start using their knives.

"Norman," I said at last. "Are you game to go back to the beach? We can't hang about here all night."

"The beach?" he echoed. "But it's pitch dark there, and the moon won't be rising for some time."

"I know that," I answered. "Still, if we can't see, neither can Smiler! Anything's better than staying here, where he's bound to find us sooner or later."

As we stumbled on over the uneven ground that trip seemed endless, but we finally reached the beach in safety. Out here in the open it wasn't quite so dark as we had imagined it



would be, and we presently came upon a small outrigger boat drawn up apart from the others. We examined it eagerly, having some wild idea of trying to launch it ourselves, but we discovered that there were no paddles—which was probably just as well for us.

Suddenly a figure carrying a lantern appeared round the bow of the craft, and we shrank back apprehensively. It wasn't the Korean, luckily, but a Malay fisherman, and he evidently wanted to know what we were doing there. By way of explanation I pointed to the boat and then to that most desirable haven of safety represented by the lights of our ship. Apparently the man understood me, for he shouted something, and another Malay arrived. This individual, fortunately, spoke a little English, and informed us that they were sorry, but they could not take us out.

"Keep 'em talking till the moon comes up," urged Norman. "Perhaps we can persuade them if we show them our money."

The Malays' eyes gleamed at sight of our notes; their protestations became more hesitating. Noting that they were weakening, we renewed our pleadings. The captain would give them another five dollars for their trouble, we said. Meanwhile, to our joy, the moon rose, large and bright, and presently the fishermen, after a brief conference, agreed to take us out to the ship.

Forthwith they summoned several other men, and the party proceeded to drag a large outrigger to the water's edge, Norman and I following with our bags of fruit. These the men carefully stowed aboard, wedging the bags firmly, and then indicated the places we were to occupy.

With the menacing roar of the breakers in our ears we took up our positions. Having

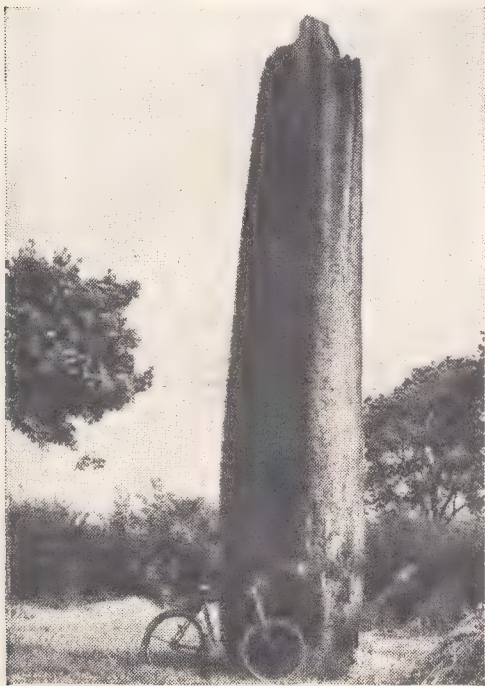
waited for a "smooth," the Malays rushed their craft into the water and leaped aboard. I had a momentary glimpse of desperately-paddling figures; then I was hurled to the bottom-boards as the boat rose to meet the first wave. It seemed to me that I was flying through the air surrounded by seething water, and that the outrigger must inevitably be flung back on the beach. Still, however, the fishermen continued their efforts, and the wildly-bucking craft maintained its seaward progress. It climbed dizzily skywards over succeeding waves, only to fall into the deep troughs beyond, but the paddles, rising and falling, went on flailing the water and soon, to my relief, the roaring in my ears died away and the boat began to pitch less violently. We had safely passed the surf!

Once beyond the rollers, the Malays hoisted their sail, with one man perched out on the outrigger, looking as nonchalant as if it were the most comfortable position imaginable. We arrived alongside the ship to view a line of staring faces. Evidently the boat had been seen putting off, and within a few minutes Norman and I were "on the mat" before the captain.

He had quite a lot to say to us, and said it with considerable vigour. He was good enough, however, to honour our contract with the fishermen; he also gave them permission to remain aboard the *L*—until the surf moderated.

"Three months' shore-leave stopped!" groaned Norman, when we finally got back to our quarters. "But never mind, the time will soon pass."

Thinking of the fierce-eyed Smiler—still, perhaps, seeking me in the shadows—I felt that temporary deprivation of shore-leave was no great hardship. All things considered, I'd had a very narrow escape!

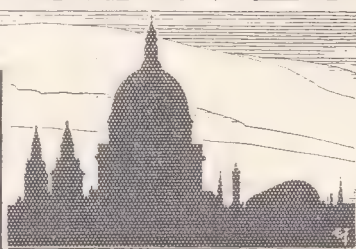


## THE "DEVIL'S ARROW"

In more unsophisticated times people were prone to regard any object at all out of the ordinary as being connected with the activities of the Evil One. The impressive monolith seen in the accompanying photograph—situated at Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire—is known as the "Devil's Arrow." According to ancient legend the Fiend used it as a shaft for his bow when he amused himself by practising archery! This not only suggests something very substantial in the way of bows, but also a really worth-while target—possibly an intruding Lancastrian spying out the fair land of Yorkshire!

As might be expected, matter-of-fact scientists scoff at this picturesque story. Their theory is that the pillar was probably associated with the worship of Dui, the god of a tribe known as the Brigantes, who lived in this area during prehistoric days. As in the case of other similar stones, it would be very interesting to know where this monolith originally came from and by what method it was placed in position, for its weight must be enormous. The cycle gives one some idea of its size.

# BETWEEN OURSELVES



**S**OME time ago I mentioned that the collection of old volumes and monthly issues of this Magazine is becoming quite a cult. Now a correspondent in Nigeria takes us to task for "encouraging" what he considers to be a highly-reprehensible development! "It is high time this greedy business was checked," he declares, indignantly. "I think it is the duty of all of us to carefully preserve our copies so that future generations of our own families may enjoy them. I hope people who are fortunate enough to possess early volumes will stop asking for 'offers' and undertake to lend them instead. Afterwards, of course, the borrowers would return them." I am afraid it wouldn't work, E. O. Y.! Hosts of folk who are as honest as the day where money is concerned can't be trusted with a borrowed book, as any librarian will testify, and we have no wish to do anything that might tend to destroy our readers' present high opinion of one another. It seems to us, moreover, that the man who has old volumes or copies he no longer requires is performing a useful service by selling them—at a reasonable figure, of course—to any reader who is anxious to purchase them. This is surely far better for all concerned than to allow the precious magazines to moulder away in some attic or cupboard and be eventually thrown into the dustbin.

## QUICK RESULTS

In this connection we have received the following interesting letter from Mr. Leon Stone, of Gordon, New South Wales, Australia. He writes: "This is to let you know of the highly-successful conclusion to my search for the first two volumes of the **WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE**. I previously informed you that, through the kindness of Brother

.. By ..  
**The EDITOR**

Reg. Beechey, of Aylesbury, Bucks, England, I secured Vol. I, which he picked up in a dealer's shop there. He has now informed me that he has obtained Vol. II, and it is on its way to me. Which goes to show the publicity-power of the Magazine and also the friendly co-operation existing between members of the W.W.B. Even a professional book-searcher couldn't have done better! My Vol. I is in practically mint condition, proving how lovingly its original owner must have taken care of it. I shall now be able to enjoy myself reading all over again the enthralling adventures of Louis de Rougemont, for which I specially wanted these volumes."

## A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

Miss Verity Large, of Plumstead, Cape Province, South Africa, sends us the annexed cutting from the *Cape Argus*, which recalls "The Figurehead," published in our August, 1952 (Australian September), issue. This story, you may remember, concerned the finding just before the late war, on the lonely mid-Atlantic island of Tristan da Cunha, of part of the elaborate bow-ornament of a big sailing-ship. This was discovered in a cave by one Arthur Repetto, brother of the headman of the little

## 'OLD MAN OF TRISTAN' HAS DIED

*The Argus Shipping Correspondent*

**THE** death of Mr. Gaetano Lavarello, known as 'the Old Man of Tristan,' was announced to-day in a radio message from the island received by Mr. Allan Crawford:

Mr. Lavarello was believed to be nearly 90.

His death recalls a romance of shipwrecked castaways.

About 60 years ago he and a shipmate, Andrea Repetto, were among the survivors cast ashore

on Tristan from the Italian barque Italia, which caught fire while bound round the Cape from Greenock to Australia with a cargo of coal.

The crew ran the blazing ship ashore on the south side of the island, and were cared for by the islanders.

By the time a ship called and provided the opportunity to repatriate the castaways via Cape Town Lavarello and Repetto had fallen in love with island girls, and did not want to leave.

They stayed behind, married, and raised large families.

Andrea Repetto died about 40 years ago, but the bond between the two Italian seafarers' families was strengthened when his son Johnnie married Lavarello's daughter Margaret.



island community, and was later ascertained to have come from the four-masted barque *L'Avenir*, which disappeared mysteriously in March, 1938, three hundred miles south-west of New Zealand—approximately seven thousand miles from Tristan! Our correspondent believes that the Andrea Repetto of the newspaper paragraph was the grandfather of the Arthur Repetto who located the figurehead. No wonder Arthur was impressed, seeing he was the descendant of a man who had himself arrived on the island from a wrecked windjammer!

### LIFE IN THE OZARKS

A reader in Iowa considers that the author of the article "Ozark Excursion," in our July, 1952, issue, by concentrating almost exclusively on the "quaint" aspect of that region, may have innocently created a wrong impression concerning this interesting part of the United States. The conditions described were common forty years ago, he says, but are now rapidly disappearing. "Between 1920 and 1930," he writes, "many natives left these mountains for the industrial centres, attracted by the high wages paid in the automobile industry. Numbers of them saved their money and ultimately returned home to purchase farms. . . . The greatest development has occurred since 1933. Large artificial lakes were made by damming rivers for publicly-owned hydro-electric plants, and hard-surfaced roads followed, while schools became more numerous. Many farmhouses now have electricity and all sorts of up-to-date appliances. . . . The States of Arkansas and Missouri soon awoke to the possibilities of the Ozarks as a vacation centre, and quite a rush set in. Modern 'motels' (motor-camps) and cabin colonies sprang up at every village and along every highway, replete with amenities. Nowadays the Ozarks are almost completely commercialized; at almost any restaurant, for a cash consideration, you can get fresh apple-cider, hill-billy music, catfish, and corn bread. The Ozark hillman, in fact, is doing an excellent job in separating the city-dweller from his hard-earned money!

"Hunting and fishing-camps are numerous, and some of them have their own landing-strips for aeroplanes. Sportsmen from St. Louis or Kansas City can leave in a private 'plane and be in the heart of the Ozarks within a few hours for a week-end of hunting or fishing.

"As to illicit stills, so long as our Government places a heavy tax on alcoholic beverages we shall have 'moonshine' operators; they can be found in New York city as well as in the fastnesses of the Ozark hills!

"During the past few years cattle-ranchers from Texas have been

buying up large tracts of land—from ten to twelve thousand acres—and moving their herds into the area. They claim that the beasts do better here than in Texas; there is more natural feed and water.

"One may still find primitive dwellings which make one wonder how people can be content to exist in such surroundings, but these are in sharp contrast to the general level of local civilization. After all, even dear old London has its slums!"

I suppose one should be glad to hear that "development" has come to the Ozarks, together with such blessings of present-day civilization as radio, television, aeroplanes, and swarms of holiday-makers. Nevertheless, as a confirmed believer in individuality, I am hopeful that somewhere or other in this erstwhile wilderness a few communities of genuine hill-billies contrive to carry on in the old-fashioned way, however distressing their continued existence may be to apostles of high-pressure progress.

### THE WITCH-DOCTORS' UNION

Progress in certain parts of Africa takes decidedly unconventional forms! Here is ■ cutting from the *Northern Rhodesian Advertiser* referring to the formation of a witch-doctors' association which proposes to make its members pass a professional examination before enrolment. Presumably, if all goes well with the scheme, there will eventually be a recognized degree in witch-doctoring, without which no wizard will be allowed to function! This new society, we imagine, is only intended for "benevolent" practitioners, who confine themselves mainly to treating various ailments with herbs and roots, doing a little fortune-telling, or perhaps supplying charms intended to ward off misfortune, confound the schemes of enemies, or bring about desired objectives. There is another type of witch-doctor, of course, whom the authorities everywhere regard with the greatest suspicion and disfavour—the sinister rascal who, battenning on the credulity of his dupes, engages in various secret and sinister activities which cause endless trouble and frequently lead to tragedy.

Judging by another paragraph we reproduce here—this time from the *London Daily Express*—the South African Government takes a pretty dim view even of the "benevolent" species of medicine-man, having no doubt discovered from experience that some of these gentry are prone to stray over the border-line and dabble in magic that is distinctly "black." What with one thing and another the present-day African witch-doctor must sigh for the good old times when his uncanny gifts were

## Exams For Witchdoctors.

Johannesburg, South Africa.

Before African witchdoctors may become members of the African Witchdoctors Association, they have to pass an examination in divining the future by throwing the bones and in their knowledge of secret herbs. Recently formed, the association has head offices in Pretoria, and has asked for official recognition. Its emblem is an ant-bear.

Sapa.

## Unadvertised magic

PRETORIA, South Africa, Friday.  
—Witch doctors were forbidden today by the Government to advertise magic remedies.—Reuter.

acknowledged on every hand and his equally mysterious doings went more or less unchallenged.

### THE PORTRAIT

In view of the fact that I am among friends, I trust you will forgive a personal note. Sundry readers continue to display extraordinary interest in my portrait, occasionally crediting me, after a careful study of my features, with qualities I had no idea I possessed. One, for instance remarks: "You strike me as a man with a profound knowledge of his fellows; you have also encountered sorrow." Another writes: "I shouldn't like to try putting a 'phoney' yarn past you, in spite of that twinkle in your eye!" A third comments: "It is nice to see what our Editor looks like. The things you must know about the world, after your long experience, would make a wonderful book. Why don't you write one?" Number Four criticizes me from the sartorial point of view. "In view of the importance of your position," he tells me, "you should appear much more formally attired." The most unkind cut of all, however, comes from a photographer. "If you would favour me with a sitting," he suggests, "and allow me to *make you up a little*, like the cinema stars, I could supply you with a really striking picture, worthy of the Magazine." This is very tempting, of course, but I shall not accept the offer, though I appreciate the spirit in which it is made. My sole object in printing the portrait is to give our great brotherhood of readers some idea of the man who writes to them month by month—and greatly enjoys the privilege!

### BOTTLE MESSAGES

It is amusing—and also rather exasperating—to note how many bottle messages launched by "outsiders" achieve wonderful voyages, whereas the numerous containers consigned to the waves by our own readers a couple of years or so ago either vanished without trace or drifted ashore after disappointingly short careers. Above, from the South African *Sunday Tribune*, is an account of a bottle which journeyed all the way from Merseyside in England to Port Elizabeth—an excellent performance. It seems to us that old Davy Jones, in that famous "locker" of his deep down on the sea-floor, must have had quite a busy time perusing letters originally intended for this Magazine! Our thanks are hereby tendered to the many readers who have sent us accounts of other much-travelled bottles—each and every one of them a reminder of the failure of our own scheme!

### ODD VOLUMES

Mr. Arthur Wilson, 8, Norway Grove, South Reddish, Stockport, Cheshire, desires offers for the following: Vols. 72 to 83 and Vol. 86,

in publishers' covers. Also monthly issues from March, 1942, to present date, in good condition.

Mr. C. Robinson, 51, Alexandra Street, Warsop, nr. Mansfield, Notts, has Vols. 3, 4, 5, 8 and 9 in good condition. Would exchange for pre-war monthly issues.

Mr. Chas. Kirk, "Sandra," 18, St. Albans Road, Bootle, Liverpool, 20, wishes to purchase old volumes.

Mr. L. Crook, 7, Wilton Road, Chorltoncum-Hardy, Manchester, 21, offers bound volumes as follows: Vols. 1 to 26, inclusive; 28, 29, 31, 32, 34, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 53, 83, 84, 85, 86. All in good condition except Vol. 8. Also about 350 assorted monthly issues.

Mr. L. D. Brankling, 129, Goddard Avenue, Newland Avenue, Hull, E. Yorks, offers bound Vols. 1 to 5 in good condition.

### CHINCHILLA FARMING

It looks as though the article on "Chinchilla Ranching" which appeared in our issue for February, 1952, may lead to the establishment of a novel new industry in Britain. Reading about these remarkable animals, and their value as fur-producers, many readers wrote for further particulars. Now, Mr. D. Janssens, of Chinchilla Farms, Ltd., 7, Princes Street, Hanover Square, London, W.1, writes: "You may be interested to know that I formed the above-mentioned company and have been appointed British representative of Chinchilla Ranchers (B.C.), Ltd. I recently imported my first pair of chinchillas, and they have now settled down quite happily. Should any of your readers be thinking of taking up this industry, I shall be most happy to give them advice."

### AN AGE-OLD CUSTOM

Mr. Cris Norlund, of Copenhagen, Denmark, sends us a curious story concerning the fulfilment of an ancient Swedish superstition. He writes: "In July, 1952, Captain Andersson, of Simrishamn, a small port on the Baltic coast, was caught in a violent storm while out fishing and swept overboard from his boat. Although his two companions searched for several days they were unable to recover the body, and eventually the quest was abandoned. His family did not give up hope, and on November 1st, the Swedish All Saints' Day, they sailed to the spot where the unfortunate skipper had disappeared and offered up prayers for the recovery of the missing man's body.

"On November 30th some Danish fishermen on the island of Bornholm, out in the Baltic, found Andersson's corpse floating near the beach, and the following day, having been duly notified, the relatives arrived to take the remains back to Sweden for burial. They are firmly convinced that the skipper's reappearance was directly due to their strict observance of the age-old ritual."



# The Wide World Brotherhood

**S**OMEWHERE in the south of England, in a quaint old town, there is a snug little inn which displays in its window an enlarged reproduction of our badge, nicely drawn and painted in water-colours. Either the landlord or his son is a member of the W.W.B., and Brethren who happen to visit the establishment receive a hearty welcome and are speedily made to feel at home. Similarly, not very far from the Great North Road, one may come upon a particularly comfortable hotel where our emblem, in the form of the motor-car transfer, hangs in a frame on the wall in the "snuggery," and Brother Proprietor is always ready to entertain members who chance to drop in. This sort of thing, of course, is all to the good; W.W.B.s are great travellers, and we like to think that there are places where they can rely upon finding a thoroughly friendly atmosphere. To this end we have pleasure in informing licensees, hotel and café keepers, etc., who belong to our great fraternity that if they care to exhibit the motor-car badge in their establishments we shall be glad to send them, free of charge, two of our transfers. Printed in gold and colours, and measuring about three inches across, these handsome emblems can be easily affixed behind a window, the glass of a photo-frame with a suitable dark background, or used in countless other ways. They will last for years and, in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion, inform the W.W.B. wayfarer or guest that he has reached a haven where he will find good comradeship. All you have to do is to make application on your own letterhead, quoting your Brotherhood number, and the transfers will be forwarded, with full instructions for fixing. One of these days, if the idea proves popular, we may publish a list of W.W.B. "ports of call."

## CALLERS FROM AFAR

Mention of travel and friendship brings to

mind an interesting letter received from Brother J. J. McCarthy, of Mitchelstown, Co. Cork, Eire. He writes: "One evening recently I had a very pleasant surprise. When I arrived home I was informed that a lady and gentleman were waiting to see me, and was delighted to discover that they were members of the Brotherhood—Mr.

and Mrs. Christian Norlund, of Copenhagen, Denmark. They proved to be a most charming and unassuming couple, and I had the pleasure of entertaining them for a few hours. It transpired that they were making a motor-cycle tour of Eire and Northern Ireland, and had already visited several other Brethren during their travels."

## A CONTINENTAL TOUR

Another story of happy meetings comes from Brother J. T. Kent, of West London, who tells us: "Believing that personal contacts with Brethren abroad form the best means of establishing permanent friendships, I recently made a very successful motor-cycle tour in

Belgium, Holland, and Germany. The snapshot enclosed shows me being greeted by Brother Jan Jansen, of Wommelgen, Belgium, who was very pleased to see me. That journey, I hope, was the first of many such trips." Wherever they go, we are gratified to note, our members find the local Brethren the best of good fellows, anxious to do all they can to help the visitor and make his stay enjoyable.

## POPULAR NOVELTIES

We are particularly pleased with the success which has attended our two latest introductions—the woven badge for blazers, windcheaters, sports kits, etc., and the little pennant for cycles and motor-car radiators. Both of them, apparently, appeal strongly to the "outdoor" brigade, and their display will undoubtedly help to make the W.W.B. better known.

## APPLICATION FORM

To the WIDE WORLD BROTHERHOOD, Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2. I wish to join the Brotherhood, and enclose herewith 3s. od. (Canada 40c.) for Buttonhole Badge and Certificate of Membership.

(Block Letters, please.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

American readers can send U.S. Money Orders (42c.) to our authorized subscription agent: Jeremy North, Bookseller, "Friendship House," Jamestown, Rhode Island. Stamps and coins will not be accepted. If you do not wish to mutilate your copy, this application may be made in letter form.

## BROTHERHOOD SHOP-WINDOW

THE following articles are available to Brethren only, post free to any part of the world. *Quote your official number when ordering.*

**W.W.B. TIE.**—British-made pure silk. Navy-blue, with small woven reproductions of badge in red and silver. Price 15s. (U.S.A. \$2.10).

**W.W.B. MUFFLER.**—30in. square of heavy-weight pure silk; replica of tie. Splendid for sports or winter. Price 45s. (U.S.A. \$6.00)

**W.W.B. SHIELDS.**—Handsoms wall-ornaments, 7in. x 5in. Badge in gold and colours on dark oak shield, with gilt scroll bearing member's name and number (state if latter is required). Price 25s. (U.S.A. \$3.60).

**W.W.B. SEALS.**—Miniatures of badge in gold and colours with gummied backs. For use on envelopes or to convert ordinary notepaper into "official" stationery. Ideal for authenticating "Pen-Friend" or W.W.B. Club letters. Price 3s. per 100 (U.S.A. 42 cents).

**W.W.B. MOTOR-CAR TRANSFER.**—3in. reproduction of badge, in gold and colours, for windscreen or window of car. Price 1s. (U.S.A. 14 cents) with instructions for fixing.

**W.W.B. WOVEN BADGE.**—For blazers, shirts, etc. 2in. diameter, woven in mercerized fast-dyed cotton on blue background. Easily sewn on; will stand washing. Price 5s. (U.S.A. 70 cents).

**W.W.B. PENNANT.**—Triangular dark-blue flag, showing badge in red and yellow, for cycle or radiator of car. About 7in. long, complete with metal mast and nuts for fixing. Price 3s. 6d. (U.S.A. 49 cents).

Address orders to the Registrar, Wide World Brotherhood, Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2; make all remittances payable to Messrs. G. Newnes, Ltd., and cross them for payment through a bank.

### STEADY GROWTH

The Brotherhood, you will be glad to learn, is now well over 35,000 strong; the monthly "intake" hardly varies at all, averaging just under a thousand. Such steady growth, continuing without the slightest check for close on three years, is remarkable testimony not only to the strength of the W.W.B.'s appeal but also to the "pulling power" of the Magazine. Hosts of readers who originally decided that the Brotherhood was "nothing to do with them" have since changed their minds and enrolled in our great fraternity of adventure-lovers. Thereby, if need should arise, they provide themselves with good friends all over the globe. As for "Pen-Friends," as one enthusiast points out, the W.W.B. provides them with the cheapest correspondence-club in existence; a single payment, in return for which they receive buttonhole badge and certificate, makes them members *for life*. In this connection, however, we should like to stress the fact that the Brotherhood is very much more than a mere correspondence-club; we expect all Brethren to live up to the pledge they make when they join and do their utmost to spread the spirit of true comradeship.

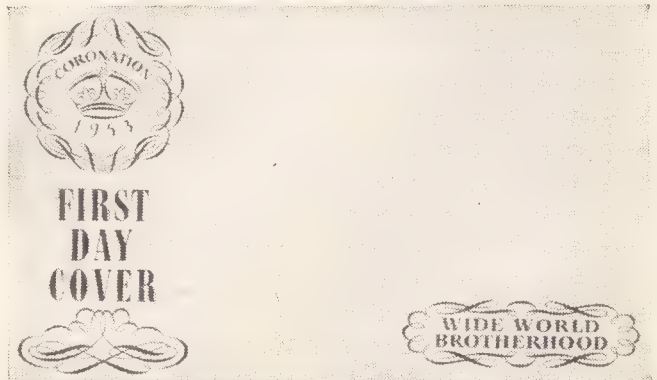
### RADIO OPERATORS, PLEASE NOTE

8751 Brother Leonard Moss, of 32, Henrietta Street, Wick, Caithness, Scotland, writes: "I am employed at the Post Office Radio Station here (Wick Radio) as a radio operator; we are chiefly occupied in communicating with trawlers in the Northern fishing-grounds—Iceland, Greenland, the White Sea,

etc. I should like to correspond with a W.W.B. in Canada or the United States engaged in similar work."

### CORONATION "FIRST DAY COVERS"

Stamp-collector Brethren who are contemplating sending specimens of Coronation issues to friends and relatives will be glad to know that we have prepared a special Brotherhood "first day cover" envelope for this purpose, with special design and lettering, and shall be pleased to send half a dozen free of charge on receipt of 3d. for postage. We reproduce below a reduced facsimile of this "Coronation" envelope, which is printed in red. So many members of the W.W.B. are ardent philatelists that we expect a brisk demand, and early application is desirable in order to avoid disappointment. Address your letter to the Registrar, and mark the envelope "Cover."



Facsimile of the Brotherhood "First Day Cover" envelope for Coronation stamps.



# PEN-FRIENDS' SECTION

## Membership Number

## Name and Address

### GENERAL

- 29062 ANDERSON, A. W., 72A, Somerset Street, Mayfair, Johannesburg, South Africa. (Preferably Stamps.)
- 25693 ANDOH, J. F., Pretsia Plantations Ltd., Sese Tk. Takoradi, Gold Coast, West Africa.
- 8628 ANDREWS, J., c/o G.P.O. Box 49B, Forrest Place, Perth, Western Australia. (Preferably Travel and Emigration.)
- 29636 ATKIN, L. A. C. 2492900, Signals Section, R.A.F. Shallufu, M.E.A.F. 16.
- 24238 ATKINSON, J. G., 8, Morley Avenue, Bill Quay, Gateshead, 10, Co. Durham. (Preferably Journalism and Travel.)
- 29438 BARROW, I. K., Ashley State Forest, Christchurch, South Island, New Zealand.
- 9304 BAYMAN, R. G., 26, Rosabel Place, Cor Quartz and Smit, Hillbrow, Johannesburg, South Africa.
- 27706 BEDSON, L., Sgt. 845778, 15, Medium Regiment, R.A., B.A.O.R. 16.
- 29468 BOSAH, A. B. De., P.O. Box 62, Onitsha, S. Nigeria, West Africa.
- 19934 BOYER, N., 158, St. Croix Blvd., Town of St. Laurent, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.
- 29302 BRODIE, A. A., 80, Leicester Road, Sharnford, Leicestershire.
- 25807 BROWN, F., G. C. Railway, c/o Customs House, P.O. Box 54, Takoradi, Gold Coast, West Africa.
- 29341 BURNS, L.A.C., 2504099, Pay Account, R.A.F. Heany, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia, Africa.
- 29987 CHIT, T. M., ("Burmese"), Air Service Training Mess, Hambie, Southampton.
- 11526 CONATY, P. (age 23), 32, Greenville Terrace, South Circular Road, Dublin, Eire.
- 30069 COWLEY, P., S.A.C., 2410843, H.O. Ft., 23 Sqdn., R.A.F. Fassberg, 2 T.A.F., B.A.O.R. 30.
- 29640 CRAWSHAW, K., 116, Mountain Road, Epsom, S.E.3., Auckland, New Zealand.
- 29188 CULVERWELL (Miss), R., 346, Christie Road, Scottsville, Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa.
- 29526 DUNCAN, G. A., 370, Hartshill Road, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire (Preferably Engineering.)
- 25898 EVANS, F. A., 102, Wolsey Crescent, New Addington, Croydon, Surrey. (Preferably Travel.)
- 29685 FLIGHT, Sgt. W.6093374, R. E. Stores, Takoradi, Gold Coast, West Africa.
- 19587 FORDER, J. (age 21), 12, Acacia Grove, New Malden, Surrey.
- 22852 GOODEN, E. A., 13, Grove Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17.
- 19510 HAMEENCE, G., 168, Parade, Norwood, Adelaide, South Australia. (Preferably Abroad.)
- 16439 HAMMOND, C. (age 19), War Memorial Hospital, Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire.
- 32061 HAMMOND, E. K., jr. (age 15), P.O. Box 215, Sekondi, Gold Coast, West Africa.
- 9092 HARDY, M., 36, Oakleigh Road, Hillingdon, Middlesex.
- 26985 HARRIS, W., 44, Clydesdale Ave., Glenorchy, Hobart, Tasmania.
- 29515 HATTON, K. M., 67, Queen Mary Avenue, Durban, Natal, South Africa.
- 21764 HERHOLDT, J., 81, Harvey Street, Luipaardsvlei, Transvaal, South Africa.
- 29961 HIGGINS, J. A., 4039814, Billet 7, No. 2 Wing, 107, M. J. Kasfariat, Egypt.
- 29597 HILLAWI, J. E., Pharmacies Street, Ashar, Basrah, Iraq.
- 29564 HIMANKA, E. H., 229, Atlantic Avenue, Long Beach 2, California, U.S.A.
- 27229 HINE, D. L., "Fairlight" Colchester Road, Harold Park, Essex. (Preferably Garage Work.)
- 29479 HOLT (Miss), E. A. (age 27), The Mount School, Penhal, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire.
- 29599 HOUSTON (Mrs.), E. B., 405, Masomte Cottage, Pylon Avenue, Estcourt, Weenen, Natal, South Africa.
- 20948 HUMPHREYS, A/B P/SS789608, 1 Mess, H.M.S. *Lock Craggie*, c/o G.P.O. London.
- 29553 HUMPHREYS (Miss), V., 49, Beaconsfield Street, Prescott, nr. Liverpool, Lancashire.
- 29736 IBELE, D. J. (age 16), Main Road, Wainaimonta, Wellington, New Zealand.
- 27392 IRWIN, B. H., Box 10, Polk, Ohio, U.S.A.
- 25921 JAMES, D., A/B D/SSX86052, 15 Mess, H.M.S. *Chieftain*, c/o G.P.O. London.
- 13216 JAMIL, A. M., Istant Kampong Glam, Sultan Gate, Singapore, 7, Malaya.
- 4222 JOHNS, C. J., c/o P.O. Broad Arrow, Western Australia.
- 29818 JUDD, T. W., 12, Grover House, Notre Dame Estate, London, S.W.4.

## Membership Number

## Name and Address

### TRAVEL

- 28899 DICKERSON (Miss), R. R. (age 22), 12, Crescent, Stowmarket, Suffolk.
- 29401 DORNE, Pte. 2/2578, B.H.Q. 1, R.T.B., Kapooka, N.S.W., Australia.
- 29133 HENRY, J., 11, Clondara Street, Belfast, N. Ireland.
- 27651 LOOMES, J. (age 18), 31, Anson Avenue, Cliff Crest P.O., O., Ontario, Canada.
- 29140 OXTOBY, R. (Third Officer), M/V *La Cordillera*, c/o Messrs. Byries Markes, Ltd., Plantation House, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3.
- 29433 REES, J. M., King's College School, Windsor, Nova Scotia, Canada.

### STAMPS

- 29199 BHANDARI, S. P., P.O. Box 322, Kampala, Uganda, British East Africa.
- 27002 BOLIN (Miss), B. R., 43, Bowden Street, Ryde, N.S.W., Australia. (Sudan, Pakistan, and Great Britain.)
- 29740 COCK, C., 127, Aberford Street, Coonamble, New South Wales, Australia.
- 12610 COX, G. E., 17, Bolton Hall Road, Bolton Woods, Bradford, Yorkshire.
- 28442 HAMEL, P.P., 1, Bachelor Street, Queenstown, C.P., South Africa.
- 29517 HANNAERT, E. E., 14, Rue la Lys, Courtrai, Belgium.
- 29056 LADHANI, S. G., c/o, Moyexali J. Shamji, Box 2, Post Office St., Mwanza, Tanganyika Territory, British East Africa.
- 30236 LARGE, A. J., The Grand Hotel, Grenada, British West Indies.
- 29358 LARKINS, F. J., Attock Oil Co., Ltd., Rawalpindi, Pakistan.
- 29413 LOCKWOOD, W. F., 5, Emma Street, Croydon, Victoria, Australia.
- 29858 MASON, A. E., P.O. Box 116, Chingola, Northern Rhodesia, Africa.
- 22108 MOHAMED, A., P.O. Box No. 39, Dodoma, T.T., British East Africa.
- 29424 O'NEILL, D. S., Bank of Ireland, Waterford, Co. Waterford, Eire.
- 26760 PERUMAL, M., 70, Couper Street, Stanger, Natal, South Africa.
- 29344 POWLSON, C., 238, Military Road, Semaphore, South Australia.
- 11282 RAUBENHEIMER, J. A., c/o, A. Adams (Pty.), Ltd., Eshowe, Zululand, South Africa.
- 29284 ROUX, A., P.O. Box 2473, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia, Africa.
- 26936 ROY, J. (age 17), 38, Earl Street, York Street, Belfast, N. Ireland.
- 30004 SHAH, G. A., Assistant School Teacher, I.P. School, P.O. Box No. 85, Dodoma, T.T., British East Africa.
- 29359 SINDIGA, G., Newlands P.O. Box 224, Nyasaland, E. Africa.
- 29779 SUTHERLAND, G., 48, Castle Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.
- 30192 TAHERALI, T., P.O. Box 360, Tanga T.T., B. E. Africa.
- 29050 TAYLOR, H. W., 4, Canvey Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
- 14556 LUSH, D., P.O. Box 3334, Cape Town, South Africa.
- 29423 THOMAS, The Rev., The Rectory, Kingscote, Kangaroo Island, South Australia.
- 29468 TIBBITTS (Mrs.), O., 104, West Road, Avondale West, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.
- 30034 TRALAGGAN, G. E., 23, Gillman Street, Cheltenham, S.22, Victoria, Australia.
- 29849 TYNER, T. C., Crony Kerry, Ashford, Co. Wicklow, Republic of Ireland.
- 29345 WILLIAMSON, J., 18, Germein Street, Semaphore, South Australia.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- 27012 SMITH (Miss), A., (age 17), 24, Whitgreave Street, Greets Green, West Bromwich, Staffordshire. (Sport.)
- 25051 SPEARPOINT, T. E., c/o Y. M. Badat (General Merchant, P.O. Serenje, Northern Rhodesia. (Shooting and Boxing.)
- 22984 SPENCE, R. (age 16), c/o Milne, 12, Buchanan Street, Edinburgh 6, Scotland. (Chemistry and Stamp Collecting.)
- 27052 SPERBER (Miss), J. (age 18), 256, South Road, Kurralta Park, South Australia. (Stamp Collecting and Travel.)
- 28182 SPINNEY, R. B., Jensen Beach, Florida, U.S.A. (Police Work.)

Membership Number	Name and Address
<b>MISCELLANEOUS (continued)</b>	
20246	STAGG, S., 1, Parfett Street, Block 18, Commercial Road, London, E.1. (Tropical Fish.)
28470	STANNIX, B. E., 16, Byron Street, Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tasmania. (Yachting.)
27007	STANSFIELD, A. H., 59, Croft Street, Hyde, Cheshire. (Psychical Research and Photography.)
27054	STEENKAMP, F. A., 56, Gloucester Avenue, Dalview, Brakpan, Transvaal, South Africa. (Mineralogy and Meteorology.)
28017	STENHOUSE, C. G., 491 Squadron, R.A.A.F. Station Iwakuni, Japan. (Fishing and Shooting.)
26601	STEPHENSON, G. N., 30, Spruce Street, Donegal Pass, Belfast, Northern Ireland. (Antiques and Souvenirs.)
28718	STOCKDALE, A., 26, Holden House, Church Street, Deptford, London, S.E.8. (Opera and Classical Music.)
24368	STONHAM, W. (age 27), 5, Phipps Road, Burnham, Buckinghamshire. (Globe-trotting and Guitar-playing.)
27920	SUFI, M. A. H. (age 29), Nakshband Street, Brandreth Road, Lahore, Pakistan. (Stamps and Picture Postcards.)
13602	SWADLING, J., 96, Belgrave Road, Slough, Buckinghamshire. (World Hitch-hiking and Tramping.)
28578	SWAYNE, K. O., 8, Station Street, Penygraig, Rhondda, Glamorgan, South Wales. (Sport and Stamp Collecting.)
29021	TASSIS, E., Litzelhofen Strasse 4, Villach, Austria. (Travel and Languages.)
28074	TAYLOR, P. F., 27, College Street, Clonmel, Eire. (Social and Economic Science, and Stamp Collecting.)
27703	TAYLOR, A., 597, Liverpool Road, Irlam, Manchester, Lancashire. (Travel and Adventure.)
26762	THOMAS, C. R. (age 23), Trenoweth, Mabe, nr. Falmouth, Cornwall. (Country Life and Boating.)
8845	THOMAS, J. R., 19, Pen-y-Braig Road, Alltwen, Pontardawe, Swansea. (Collecting Photographs and Exchanging Magazines.)
22807	THOMPSON, D., The Consolidated Diamond Mines, Oranje Mund, South-west Africa. (Adventure and Collecting Photographs—Overseas.)
11161	THOMPSON (Miss), I. R. (age 33), 16, Cornwall Street, Masterton, New Zealand. (Travel and Mysticism.)
28832	TILBROOK, D. C., Private Bag, Ororoo, Australia. (Friendship and Geographical Topics.)
11944	TRENCH, F. J. W., 197, Eastfield Road, Milton, Southsea, Hampshire. (Australian Sheep-farming.)
19690	TRIPP, R. C., Asst. Traffic Supt., North Eastern Railway, Izatnagar, U.P., India. (Occult and Yoga.)
25277	TURNER, A. V., 35, Eldon Street, Off Chester Road, Sunderland, Durham. (Christian Friendship and Stamps.)
27312	TUTTLE, R., 745, N. Colo., Hastings, Nebraska, U.S.A. (Sport and Exchanging Old Magazines.)
27030	URAN, D. (age 19), 29, Chapel Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth, Devon. (Dancing and Swimming.)
28097	VANE (Miss), J., Wittering, Inner Road, Samares, Jersey, Channel Islands. (Travel and Animals.)
20468	VICTOR, M. P., 11, Alexander Terrace, Upper Valley Road, Port Elizabeth, South Africa. (Drawing and Painting.)
27499	WADECKI, A. P., 653, Carter Street, Rochester 21, N.Y., U.S.A. (Hunting and Fishing.)
28543	WALKER, W., Gdsn. 2670424, H.Q. Co., 3rd Bn. Coldstream Gds., M.E.L.F. 10. (Speedway and Classical Music.)
21072	WALKER, F. G. A., 51, King Street, Palfrey, Walsall, Staffordshire. (Nursing and Gardening.)
25343	WALTER, L. A., P.O. Box 69, Broken Hill, Northern Rhodesia. (Travel and Photography.)
28127	WALTON, L., Cpl. 524588, Billet 60, R.A.F. Fayd, M.E.A.F. 15. (Travel and Adventure.)
177	WARD, E. (age 22), 127, Devon Mansions, Tooley Street, London, S.E.1. (Aero-modelling and Cycling.)
256	WASS, F., Ardervness Cottage, Wray Common Road, Reigate, Surrey. (Exchanging Magazines and View Cards.)

Membership Number	Name and Address
<b>MISCELLANEOUS (continued)</b>	
19125	WATSON, A. S., 12A, St. Botolph's Street, Colchester, Essex. (Plastic and Woodwork Modelling, and Customs of Countries.)
28190	WATTS, S. A., 26, Seymour Road, Leyton, London, E.10. (Travel and Adventure.)
28669	WERDEN (Mrs.), B. D., 125, Loomis Street, Thomasville, Georgia, U.S.A. (Hospitality.)
24200	WEST, J., Box 2913, Auckland, C.1, North Island, New Zealand. (Photography and Collecting Beer-Bottle Labels.)
20337	WEST, N. G., "Little Holme," Churchfields, Captains Road, West Mersea, Essex. (Farming and Yachting.)
20338	WEST (Mrs.), N. G., "Little Holme," Churchfields, Captains Road, West Mersea, Essex. (Home Making and Adventure.)
27683	WHITE, M., Cut Bush, Brownstown, Curragh Camp, County Kildare, Eire. (Reading and Films.)
28067	WHITE, R. C., 181, Banstead Road, Carshalton, Surrey. (Farming and Veterinary Medicine.)
2037	WHITE, P. E., 57, Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.7. (Travel and Cycling.)
27314	WHITWORTH, E., 360—13th Street, Wood River, Illinois, U.S.A. (Buried Treasure and Dowsing.)
28817	WIGMORE, J. C., 4, Florence Road, Woolston, Southampton, Hampshire. (Swimming and Music.)
27929	WILLIAMS, H., Barr Cottage, Long Stanton, Cambridge. (Country Life and Exchanging Magazines.)
11736	WILLIAMSON, H., Cossens Street, Tshvale, Balchutha, New Zealand. (Travel.)
20488	WILSON, J. A., Terrace P.O., British Columbia, Canada. (Stamps and Forestry.)
25844	WILSON, R. (age 16), 11, Wyatt Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool 4, Lancashire. (Travel and Adventure.)
27754	WILSON, Captain J. G., P.O. Box 617, Asmara, Eritrea, N.E. Africa. (Painting and Photography.)
28515	WILSON, R. G., 76, North Moor, Huntingdon, York. (View Cards and Exchanging Magazines.)
29009	WINDER, K. W., 23, Robertson Street, Invercargill, Southland, New Zealand. (Rugby Football.)
27092	WINSTANLEY, R., Tpr. 3/10311 1st Arm'd. Regt., R.A.A.C., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia. (Travel and Canoeing.)
22259	WITT, J., 835, Rigby Avenue, San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A. (Treasure-hunting and Religions.)
26163	WOOD, R. L., Woodville, Clancocle, Bandon, Co. Cork, Eire. (Stamps and Postcard collecting.)
26448	WOODFORD, G., Sgt. 317423, "B" Squadron, 16/5th Lancers, M.E.L.F. 5. (Exploration.)
25352	WOOLLEY (Mrs.), E., 12, Field Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7. (Travel and Dogs.)
26907	WOLFF, H. K. De, "Rosemead," No. 24, Jambugagasmulla Road, Nugegoda, Colombo, Ceylon. (Sport and Emigration.)
26928	WOODELL, S. J., 54, Shrewsbury Road, Carshalton, Surrey. (Modern Music and Travel.)
25351	WOOLLEY, A. E., 12, Field Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7. (Emigration to Australia or New Zealand and Old-Time Dancing.)
25742	WORTH, A., 4036904 A.C.1, Billet 228, R.A.F. Kabrit, M.E.A.F. 15. (Cycling and Rambling.)
26874	WRAGG, D., 30, Bland Lane, Sheffield 6. (Nature and Animal Lover.)
25381	WRENN, L. G., 5, Exeter Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17. (Adventure and Emigration.)
23959	WRIGHT, J. D., 115, Clarendon Road, Whalley Range, Manchester. (Motor-cycling and Correspondence from U.S.A. and Canada.)
26223	XICLUNA, G., 36, Mgr. Farrugia Street, Victoria, Gozo, Malta, G.C. (Butterflies and Moths.)
29014	YARROW, A. J., 10, Green Street, Ipswich, Queensland, Australia. (Exploration and Archaeology.)
24025	YOUSUF, E. P. (age 19), P.O. Box 171, Klerksdorp, South Africa. (Music and Sport.)
26494	ZABIDIN, Z. bin, c/o Malay Hostel, Sulaiman Road, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. (Radio Electronics.)
28851	ZIMAN, A. (age 25), P.O. Box 122, Rustenburg, Transvaal, South Africa. (Dancing and Music.)

## IMPORTANT TO "PEN-FRIENDS"

We much regret to announce that, until further notice, we cannot accept any more names for insertion in "Pen-Friends." This is entirely due to the astonishing popularity of the feature; we have been literally "snowed under" with applications, rendering it urgently necessary to work off the existing large accumulation before compiling fresh lists. It would not be fair to the rest of our readers to devote more space to this section, and we are therefore compelled to ask would-be entrants

to exercise patience. They may rest assured we shall do our utmost to make the period of waiting as brief as possible; meanwhile they can "get going" by writing to W.W.B.'s of similar interests whose names appear in the lists published month by month. We strongly advise Brethren to quote their official numbers on all occasions and to correspond only with fellow-members, ignoring "gate-crashers" and other undesirable.



# THE EARTHQUAKE

By F. KINGDON-WARD



FINISHING an entry in my diary, I shut it and lay back in the deck chair near the entrance to our tent.



A vividly-written account of an unforgettable experience. The Author is a well-known Himalayan explorer, and describes how, while camping near the Tibetan frontier, he and his wife narrowly escaped with their lives from the havoc wrought by one of the most violent earthquakes on record.

lantern, with some vague idea of a fire-risk, and together we rushed out into the most awful pandemonium. The turmoil was terrifying. Mingled with the dreadful sound of the tearing

and shearing of the earth's crust came the roar of mountains that were apparently tumbling down in every direction. It appeared as though the very arch of heaven was falling.

Directly we left the tent a violent tremor threw us to the ground, and we felt the earth beneath us bucking and heaving madly. Every moment I expected it to split open and precipitate us into some yawning fissure. Great rocks were crashing from the mountainsides; dust rose like the smoke of some vast conflagration, blotting out the stars. Meanwhile a rain of gigantic hammer-blows thundered on the ground below; it seemed that it must soon be pulverized into fragments.

Too frightened to move, we lay where we had fallen, with the familiar world around us breaking up bodily. For quite five minutes—minutes as long as years—mountains and valleys shook, shivered, and trembled to the accompaniment of ear-splitting sounds of destruction. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of our sensations or the impression of overmastering terror and utter helplessness in the face of stupendous disaster.

What on earth's that? I asked, startled, and thrust my head out between the tent-flaps.

The high mountains were silhouetted against a riband of clear, star-flecked sky, but their outlines, instead of being sharp and hard, were strangely fuzzy. Meanwhile the noise continued, becoming louder even as I stared about me in bewilderment. Then the dread truth dawned on both of us, but it was my wife who put it into words.

"An earthquake!" she cried, now thoroughly awake, and forthwith leaped from her bed. "Outside—quick!"

I seized the



The Lohit River below Rima as it appeared before the earthquake.





The monastery at Rima, destroyed by the 'quake.

At last, however, the earth-tremors began to die away. Then, quite suddenly, there came a series of five explosions high in the sky; they followed one another, loud and distinct, at equal intervals of a few seconds. The detonations reminded me of anti-aircraft shells bursting round enemy 'planes, but their effect was very different. Abruptly the shaking of the ground ceased, the last boulders rumbled down the mountains, the splintering trees stood firm. Even the river—which had roared like a wild beast in pain throughout the cataclysm—became quieter. There could be no doubt the earthquake was over.

What caused that extraordinary "gunfire" is a complete mystery. The explosions were

heard on the plains of Assam, two hundred miles away, where the soft earth "wobbled like a jelly" during the worst phases of the 'quake.

We rose slowly to our feet, thankful to be alive and unhurt, but not yet quite sure that we *were*. Had we passed through some terrible nightmare, or had it all really happened? It seemed hard to believe it was an actual experience—but there was the dust which filled the air and now began to settle, silently and impalpably. It was in our eyes, our ears, our mouths; already it was lining our lungs and forming a grey film on our faces. For days thereafter we were eating dust as well as breathing it!

The 'quake was mercifully over, but its dread aftermath was only just beginning. From the village came no sound of barking dogs, no shouting of men. Had all those poor souls been killed? Fortunately, this was not the case, for presently there strolled into our camp the familiar figure of a villager of our acquaintance—and he had a broad grin on his face! I envied his stolidity; in the midst of this tremendous calamity he still contrived to remain cheerful! The sight of that simple hillman put new life and confidence into us, and especially into our two Sherpa boys, who had been very badly frightened.

Our friend told us that the village had been badly damaged, despite the fact that the houses—massively built of logs resting on solid stone foundations—were only one storey high. By great good luck, however, nobody had been killed.

"Let's have some tea," suggested my wife; there was no thought of going back to bed again



"Bring buckets, saucepans—anything!"





Local tribesmen arrive to carry the equipment.

after such an awakening. The wood fire was still burning, and we re-lit the lanterns. The stream from which we drew our water was only a dozen yards from the cook-house and boys' tent, and one of the Sherpas took the kettle and went off. Next moment he gave a shout of dismay, and we all rushed towards him to see what had happened. The brook, which two hours previously had flowed swiftly along its bed, was now nothing but a trickle. Even as we watched it grew smaller and smaller.

"Quick!" I shouted. "Bring buckets, saucepans—anything!"

We filled a couple of kettles and a pail, but only with difficulty, for the trickle soon died away to a mere thread and, finally, intermittent drops. Our water supply had vanished, and there was nothing we could do about it!

We sat around sipping tea and talking for an hour. We still felt slightly dazed; it seemed incredible that these mighty mountains, rising ten or twelve thousand feet above our heads—the village in the gorge was itself 5,000 feet above sea-level—should have been in the grip of a force which shook them as a terrier shakes a rat. The previous day they had looked as solid and immovable as the Rock of Gibraltar; now they were riven and shattered, their rocky slopes disintegrating like sand-dunes in a breeze.

Inside our tent, curiously enough, everything appeared exactly as it had done before the 'quake. Nothing was broken, nothing disarranged; even the aluminium tent-poles had not shifted! The knoll on which our little camp was pitched had withstood the terrific shaking and battering unharmed; moreover—very fortunately for us—it had not been in the line of descent of the falling rocks. Thousands of huge boulders, dislodged from the mountainsides by the violent tremors, had leaped, bounced, and rolled down the steep slopes, snapping off stout trees like match-sticks. Any one of these flying masses could have demolished our tents and swept them away, leaving nothing but rags

and shattered corpses to mark the site. Yet we had emerged scatheless!

Though the disturbance was over, there was as yet no reassuring restfulness about our surroundings. Those adjustments of the earth's crust which inevitably follow a severe earthquake—especially in regions so notoriously unstable as the mountains on the Assam frontier—had still to come. We were blissfully unaware of the fact at the moment, but these minor movements were destined to continue for months! In our state of nervous tension, in the dust and darkness of

that night of terror, it was enough for us that, practically every half-hour, the tortured ground gave a convulsive shudder. Each of these tremors—some of half a minute's duration—was accompanied by a roaring sound, like a great wind, and by fresh rock-falls close at hand, either on the opposite side of the big Lohit River or on our own bank, close to the village and camp.

Not knowing the ways of major earthquakes—indeed, we were ignorant as yet that it was a major earthquake—we feared a repetition of the major shock, and before venturing to lie down on our beds again we made careful preparations for a rapid get-out if necessary. There was no sleep for any of us during the remainder of the night, although I believe I dozed off once or twice for half an hour.

Meanwhile, in England, California, South Africa, and almost every modern city in the world, seismographs had been registering the greatest upheaval of the earth's crust since these delicate instruments were invented. As a matter of fact, seismographs thousands of miles distant



Crossing a flooded stream on a precarious log bridge.





"The village appeared to be in ruins."

had been thrown off balance ; they either ceased to record or the tremendous oscillations extended beyond the limits of the graph paper ! Within a few hours scientists were hard at work trying to decide in what part of the globe this terrific cataclysm had occurred, and later the newspapers announced that there had been an earthquake of great intensity somewhere in north-east India. Not for several days was the real magnitude of the disaster realized.

Its "epicentre," according to American physicists, was in the south-eastern corner of Tibet, about twenty-five miles from the frontier with Assam. The 'quake shook the whole of Upper Assam, two hundred miles away, and must also have done the same with a large area in Tibet, but as this region is almost uninhabited no record of what happened there has come to hand.

Dawn arrived at last, and we got up and looked outside once more. Things appeared more or less normal. A bird was singing sweetly ; in a nearby field a small boy was shouting to scare birds off the ripening crops. Presently, from the village, there emerged a file of old women and young girls plodding out to work, as they had done every morning for months. We felt very thankful ; evidently the world was not completely topsy-turvy !

Nevertheless, the sun rose on a scene very different from that on which it had set the previous evening. The flanks of the mountains were mutilated and torn asunder, the wounds gleaming white as snow against the prevailing green of summer. The broad terraces that led step by step down to the river—many of them cultivated—were now corrugated and fissured with deep cracks, sometimes raised, sometimes sagging downwards. The high river-bank itself

had slipped in a hundred places, piling up mounds of gravel. The village, in its bower of trees, appeared to be in ruins. It was true that the stout main timbers of the twelve or fifteen log houses still held firm, but every roof had gone, and flimsier erections lay flat. Many of the hapless cattle and pigs, shut up in pens that had collapsed, lay dead or dying—a sad loss to their owners. The monastery building lay on its side, hurled clean off its foundations, and a bottle-shaped *chorten* (religious memorial) had been stripped to its core.

The most amazing sight of all, perhaps, was the Lohit River, now a wildly-tossing sea of liquid mud which had suddenly risen several feet. On its turbulent bosom it carried innumerable great tree-trunks, plunging and tossing amidst huge waves, dancing madly in the swirling eddies, and rushing headlong through the gorge. Literally millions of big trees must have been uprooted or smashed ; they passed in endless procession. The stench of the mud was horrible.

No less wonderful, though on a smaller scale, was the spectacle presented by the minor tributary which swept swiftly down from the Burma border to join the Lohit at Rima. The previous afternoon it had been crystal-clear ; carefully choosing the right place, one could easily have waded across it. Now, like the Lohit, it was just liquid mud—the colour of coffee—laced with froth, and considerably deeper. Three mills housed in timber cabins along its bank lay in ruins ; the primitive cantilever bridge that spanned it was in grave danger of collapse and shaking like a leaf. I shouldn't have cared to essay a crossing !

We learned later that on the plains of Assam, two or three hundred miles from where



we were, the earth had swayed sickeningly and sagged in many places. Over a wide area several buildings had fallen, railway lines had snapped, bridges had been shattered, and roads had sunk. On the whole, however, direct damage had been comparatively slight. But the floods resulting from the damming of rivers far away back in the mountains, long after the earthquake was over, eventually caused the death of hundreds of people by drowning.

So much for external matters; I will now return to our own position. Once it was fully light we were able to get a better idea of the havoc the quake had wrought, but we still had no idea of its extent and intensity. As the sun rose over the mountain ridge the air began to heat up, and the usual daily wind swept through the river gorge. Loosened rocks started to fall again, and soon the shaken mountains were disgorging avalanches of gravel and boulders, which swept down their slopes to the accompaniment of thunderous roaring. Clouds of dust continued to rise from these rock slides, spread far and wide by the wind until the sun was veiled and the mountains across the river, only a mile away, appeared dimly outlined through the choking fog.

Meanwhile, every hour or so, there was a terrifying subterranean rumble, after which the ground shook for several seconds. These earthquakes felt—and sounded—exactly as though an enormous train were rushing through a tunnel just beneath our feet.

You will already have gathered that when all this happened my wife and I were far away from anything representing civilization. It was three weeks before we were able to cross the flooded river and start our difficult homeward journey. This was because the rope bridge across the impassable Lohit had been destroyed and—with the stream in gigantic flood—it proved impossible to replace it. Even then it was nearly *three months*, after a series of adventures, before we succeeded in getting out of the mountains and safely back to the plains. Here we discovered that our friends had been exceedingly anxious as to our fate; even the Home newspapers had indulged in speculation as to what had happened to us. We learned also, for the first time, that we had been at the very heart of one of the greatest earthquakes on record—and, luckily, survived uninjured to tell our story!

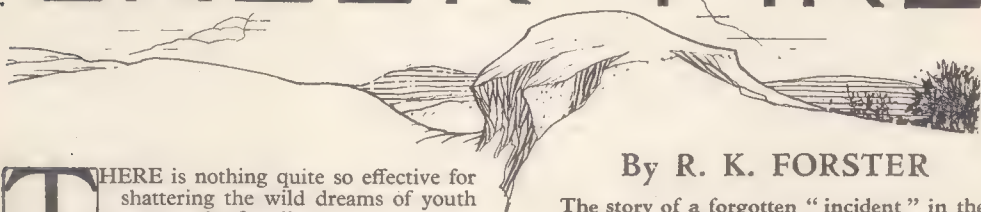
From the strictly scientific point of view, however, all that occurred was the sudden collapse of a relatively small block of the earth's crust a few miles down. Possibly the fracture was several miles long, and one half of it slipped downwards, thus creating a geological "fault." On the other hand, the roof of some vast subterranean cavern may have given way, thereby jarring the upper crust. Nobody knows for certain; it is just a matter of theory. At all events, whatever its cause, the displacement produced the awe-inspiring phenomenon I have endeavoured to describe, and which my wife and I will never forget.

## A SHOP BUILT ROUND A TREE



THE Japanese possess some strangely-contradictory qualities. One of these is their reverence for trees, which they regard almost as human beings. Before the woodman gets to work with his axe they invariably proceed to propitiate the gods, almost asking for permission to commence felling. This sentimental regard for trees probably explains why a shop in Nikko was actually built round a big tree, as shown in the accompanying photograph. Note the wood-work beneath the window-frame, composed of cryptomeria timber left in its natural state, and completing a unique shop-front peculiarly suitable for an establishment selling Nipponese curios.

# GREEK FIRE



By R. K. FORSTER

The story of a forgotten "incident" in the late war. The Author found himself confronted by a situation which, read about as a boy, had thrilled him. Now it scared him!

**T**HERE is nothing quite so effective for shattering the wild dreams of youth as a touch of reality.

As a youngster I used to revel in P. C. Wren's romantic stories of the French Foreign Legion. Most of all, I think, I enjoyed *Beau Geste*—that dramatic epic of the beleaguered desert fort where a dwindling force faced torture and death at the hands of hostile Touregs.

Grand stuff! I lapped it up, and came back for more.

Yet, curiously enough, years later when I had an opportunity to enjoy the wild heroics of a siege, I found I had no enthusiasm at all for the business! If anything, it put the wind up me! I can't be sure, but I believe I even closed my eyes when I fired the Bren. . . .

It happened in Greece in December, 1944, during the early phases of the disastrous and tragic civil war which rent that country. I was a subaltern in a British Army petroleum unit.

When we arrived in Piræus in October we were greeted with garlands and cheers. My particular unit, consisting of three or four technical officers and about thirty men, was assigned to operate the petroleum installation at Drapetozona, a working-class suburb of Piræus flanked by the shallow waters of the Limin Foron Creek, an inlet of the Ægean.

After the first hilarious joy of liberation had passed the gathering clouds of political tension fell darkly upon the Greek scene. So much so that on Sunday, December 3rd, a general strike having been declared, all civilian employees of the petroleum plant suddenly finished work and left the installation. We were left to our own devices. At the same time our civil sources of power and lighting were withdrawn, and the civilian telephone ceased to function.

Only mildly perturbed by all this, we set to work, in the phlegmatic manner of British troops, to make the best of a bad job. The trouble, we felt, would sort itself out in a matter of days.

But, instead of doing so, the situation quickly deteriorated.

By December 6th all road approaches to the installation had been blocked by carefully-erected barricades of piled stones and wood. In spite of this a 15-cwt. vehicle, driven by an officer and manned by two armed guards, ventured out in an attempt to reach Phaliron, some five miles away, where our nearest source of food-replenishment was located.

The truck failed to reach the dépôt.

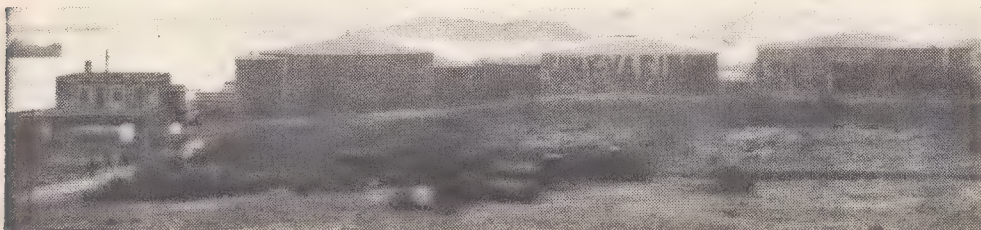
After its crew had demolished several road blocks it finally came under heavy small-arms fire from Greek irregular forces, and the driver was reluctantly obliged to return, *sans* bread, *sans* potatoes, *sans* cooking fats—*sans*, in fact, everything except a few jagged bullet-holes through the vehicle's canopy.

After that the men of 307 Bulk Petroleum Storage Section, R.A.S.C., prepared themselves for a prolonged period of dieting and discomfort.

Three days later, on December 9th, I climbed to the top of one of the petroleum storage-tanks to take a look at the local situation. It was a disarmingly sunny day, sparkling and cool, with a light inshore breeze.

The sight that met my eyes was more than a little disturbing. A nearby cement factory, commanding a tactically-profitable view of the installation, was literally swarming with E.L.A.S. troops, none of whom seemed to be concerned with the pleasant arts of peace. On the contrary, though dressed in varied oddments of Allied and enemy uniforms, they possessed in common a war-like wealth of small arms, ranging from captured Lee-Enfields to German stick-grenades. It was quite clear that the enemy was up to no good.

As I watched this hive of sinister activity



The petroleum installation which the little force had to defend.



it seemed to me that life in our petrol-dépôt was liable—and quite soon—to take on a backs-to-the-sea, fight-to-the-death sort of complexion. At this time we were accommodating, in about ten huge storage-tanks, precisely 993,884 gallons of motor spirit, nearly three-quarters of a million gallons of high-octane aviation spirit, and a trifling matter of about a million gallons of kerosene and diesel oil. In other words, in the event of attack, the enemy had more than enough fuel on hand to make things exceedingly hot for us! It was almost amusing, at that moment, to think of the elaborate precautions we normally took to avoid the risk of fire—spark-proof boots, spark-proof tools, no lighters, no matches. . . . Our foes, I guessed, as I mused there on top of the tank, would probably start using incendiary bullets within the first five minutes.

Presently I looked across the oily waters of the narrow creek to the north-west, and rear, of the installation. The view was distinctly discouraging. Beyond the water lay the lonely, hostile hills—admirable for the convenience of an attacker anxious to shower small-arms fire into our backs while we busied ourselves with the defence of the ten-foot walls at the front of the plant.

Having surveyed our surroundings, I proceeded to reckon up our scanty assets. We had plenty of ammunition; a P.I.A.T. mortar; one Bren; and a quantity of hand-grenades. Admirable equipment—if you have plenty of people to use it.

We, however, had only about thirty officers and men—technical personnel, not trained infantrymen.

I was brooding upon these things in the soft morning sunlight when a burst of about twenty rounds from some hidden machine-gun made me realize that the top of a storage-tank was no place for soliloquy. One moment I was full of thought; the next I was very nearly full of lead. It was an eye-opening experience for an unwarlike technical officer; I realized that, in a manner of speaking, I had been guilty of indecent exposure.

Forthwith I fell, rather than clambered, down the side of the tank.

For several days the siege pursued a rather dreary course, and our little garrison began to experience a mild form of claustrophobia. The rationed limitation of our diet became irksome until half a dozen foolish hens strayed within our reach from some nearby workers' tenements. They didn't go very far among thirty hungry men, but the unit cook was pleased. He liked to vary his offerings.

Then, quite abruptly, the tempo of our private "phoney war" was stepped up.

A second trip with a 15-cwt. Ford had been planned. I cannot recall what we hoped to achieve, but the sortie ended in disaster. In the wide outside world (about which, by this time, we knew nothing), the temper of the E.L.A.S. forces had changed. Having no information concerning current affairs, we discovered this change in mood "the hard way."

The truck left the installation during the afternoon of Friday, December 15th, carrying a Company Sergeant-Major and two private soldiers. It was never seen again.

From that day onward we took no more chances. Instead, we concerned ourselves with

the business of making the oil-plant as impregnable as the smallness of our force and the unhappy proximity of a few million gallons of petrol and oil would permit.

Prior to this, of course, we had maintained a constant night-and-day guard. Now we doubled the sentries, issued a full scale of ammunition, quietly constructed Dannert wire defences under cover of night, slept in our clothes, fully armed, and generally began to take matters seriously.

It was just as well we did!

This state of tension and uncertainty lasted eighteen days. Then, at exactly two minutes to two o'clock on the morning of Thursday, December 21st, the waiting E.L.A.S. hordes launched a full-scale attack upon us.

The alarm was raised by Driver Miller, a mild-mannered Midlander on duty at the main gate. In the dim half-light he observed crouching forms approaching along what was known as Socony Avenue. Miller wasted no time. After letting go a burst from his Thompson carbine he leapt for the installation's hand-operated fire-alarm. Its rising wail was a signal which set the night ablaze.

From front and rear—from the dimmed-out darkness of the hills, from the sinister cement factory, from the black void concealing the workers' three-storey tenements—the darkness was split by a shattering clatter of shrieking death and orange flame.

Within the first few seconds a tank containing twelve thousand gallons of kerosene was hit and pierced. The fluid poured out, volatile and menacing, like ballast from a listing tanker.

Someone—I suspect it was my own batman, Pendlebury—promptly plugged the neat round hole, metaphorically thumbing his Cockney nose at Death as he did so.

By this time the night was filled with the whine and buzz of bullets into which, every now and then, would streak the pyrotechnic trail of "tracer," seeking the high-octane tanks.

Such occasions blur one's personal recollections. I remember feeling very cold and rather frightened. Not cool: cold. Not scared; frightened.

Lugging the Bren round to the western wall, I blazed off a hundred-round drum into the cement factory. I suppose I felt that levelled up the twenty rounds they had slung at me while I day-dreamed in the morning sunshine on top of the storage tank!

Then a grenade burst somewhere close at hand and a man screamed in agony, or fear—or both. Looking round for the casualty, I found my friend, Fred Pinchen, grinning cheerfully at my side.

"One of them. Not one of us," he shouted. "I lobbed a Mills over the wall. The beggars must be pretty close if that hit someone!"

The next second he was gone, clambering up the side of a hen-coop from the top of which he presently started jerking staccato bursts of rifle-fire at the invisible enemy.

After twenty minutes the attack waned. The initial assault had failed. We'd won the first round.

But we were not given long to recover our breath. We had scarcely completed a quick

(Continued on page 388.)



## What about that half-holiday, Sir ?

I must confess that the coming of BP Super to rejuvenate my horseless carriage has inspired me with a certain holiday spirit.

Did you ask the headmaster, Sir ?

I fear that as a non-motorist he is unable, as you would put it, to care less.

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roll-call—revealing no casualties so far—and replenished our personal stocks of ammunition, when the second phase began.

It opened up, as before, with heavy small-arms fire, but this time it was directed to a greater extent against the vulnerable storage-tanks. In reply we let go everything we had, aiming particularly in the direction of automatic weapons firing from fixed positions.

At this juncture a newcomer came upon the scene—a droning, high-flying aircraft of the R.A.F. Sound of the 'plane uplifted our hearts, for it carried a cargo more precious than bombs—the gift of light.

As the first parachute flare drifted slowly earthwards the curtain of night was immediately thrust aside. For the first time we were able to determine where the enemy strongpoints lay, and promptly plastered them.

Even the P.I.A.T., inexpertly manned, was persuaded to lob a couple of bombs against a stuttering Italian machine-gun.

From that moment, throughout the long night hours, we were no longer entirely on our own. When the friendly 'plane had exhausted its stock of flares the Navy, away out beyond the shallow waters of the creek, took a hand in the affair by pumping star-shells into the air at intermittent intervals.

We needed light, and as a matter of fact we almost got too much of it! I watched with fascinated horror as one flare, fired by our enthusiastic Naval friends, burned itself out on the top of a storage-tank which, mercifully, was both empty and gas-free.

Not long after this the enemy succeeded in scoring a most embarrassing hit—smack into the belly of a tank holding 45,000 gallons of 99-octane aviation spirit!

Within a matter of seconds streams of the highly-inflammable stuff were coursing from two jagged holes; the fumes alone, at close quarters, were almost overpowering.

It only required a spark, and, one way or another, the grey Greek dawn seemed alive with sparks.

The sealing of the damaged No. 8 tank was clearly a priority job, but the penetrations were high up its side. Anyone attempting to plug them

"Half a dozen foolish hens strayed within our reach."



would be well in sight of the enemy. A sitting target, in fact.

The man who actually plugged Number 8, with quiet, homely, and prideful efficiency, was laconic, fair-haired "Jock" Armour, from Edinburgh.

With the coming of daylight the attack dwindled in intensity, and by eight o'clock in the morning it had faded to sniping.

It was quite a few days before we were relieved, and in the interval we had the unhappy experience of being shelled.

The E.L.A.S. troops, however, made no further attempt to take the installation by storm; they had had enough.

And so had I. No more *Beau Geste* stuff for me!

There is a postscript to this little story concerning one of the late war's forgotten "incidents."

During December, 1944, a brief two-line agency report appeared in many British newspapers. It read:

"British troops to-day recaptured from E.L.A.S. forces the petroleum installation at Piræus."



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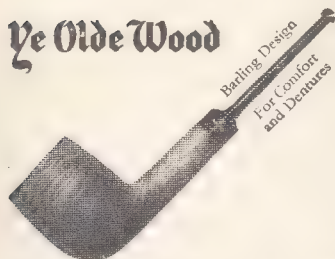
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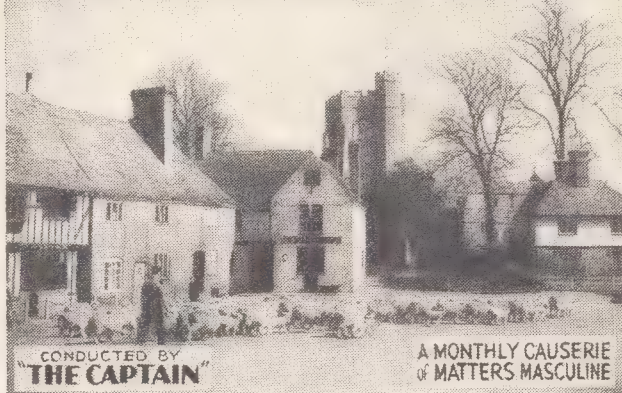
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## The "Obsolete" Waistcoat

**C**ERTAIN makers of two-piece ready-to-wear suits—who originally dropped the waistcoat as an economy measure—are apparently engaged in subtly suggesting that these garments are now completely obsolete, having been permanently abandoned by the younger (and smarter) men as serving no practical purpose, and only worn to-day by reactionary old stick-in-the-muds who don't matter anyway. They point out that the waistcoat makes no difference whatever to the fit of the suit, but merely adds unnecessary expense to one's outfit. If you miss the chest protection it was supposed to give in cold weather, you can always don a neat pullover; in the summer its absence gives additional freedom and coolness and enables one to display a nice shirt and tie to greater advantage. So yet another

garment is threatened with elimination!

## Pros and Cons

Let us examine the waistcoat. It certainly costs money and, from the strictly common-sense angle, is perhaps a rather queer little affair, the flimsy back being more or less of a sham. On the other hand, it provides a man with four very useful pockets—and we all know the male can never have too many pockets! As to making no difference to the appearance of one's suit, I find that most bespoke tailors consider it *does* improve the "set" of the jacket over the shoulders; moreover, it conceals the waistband—never a particularly decorative region, especially when one is inclined to *embonpoint*. Men who wear braces are apt to reveal them when the waistcoat is discarded (still a crime in many people's opinion) and in

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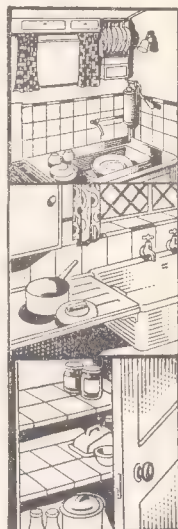
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any case the exposure of a large expanse of shirt and flapping tie is not in the best of taste. For these and other reasons the tailors, as might be expected, are definitely in favour of the retention of the waistcoat, and they contend that well-dressed men will persist in wearing them despite the fulminations of the makers of ready-mades. One of them, with lofty scorn, defined their attitude in a single question. "Since when," he asked me, "have reach-me-downs dictated masculine fashions?"

#### Still Useful

Speaking personally, I cannot believe the waistcoat will disappear; it completes the "inconspicuous" ensemble at which most of us seem subconsciously to aim when

we shed the sartorial eccentricities (if any) of our youth. Moreover, it has its uses; those little pockets come in very handy, it "frames" the necktie nicely, and a good tailor seems able to cut it in such a way as to minimize any "bow-window" that has developed with the passage of the years. Even its detractors among the "off-the-peg" manufacturers admit that about 60 per cent. of males stubbornly continue to favour waistcoats for normal wear, and I have an idea they will continue to do so—even if only to show they haven't descended to "two-piece" ready-mades!

#### Full Circle

I hope nobody will suspect me of any snob-bishness in this matter of ready-to-wear garments. There was a time when the chief recommendation of "off-the-peg" clothing was its cheapness; it bore little comparison in cut, finish, or quality with bespoke tailoring, while the less said about the fit—once the clothes lost their original shape—the better. Those days, however, are long since past; the wheel has gone full circle with a vengeance, and at the present time many ready-made garments are actually more expensive than the made-to-measure article, and frequently better finished. As to cut, the makers can afford to pay such high salaries that they attract the leading craftsmen. When one sees a famous firm offering well over a hundred different fittings one realizes how the

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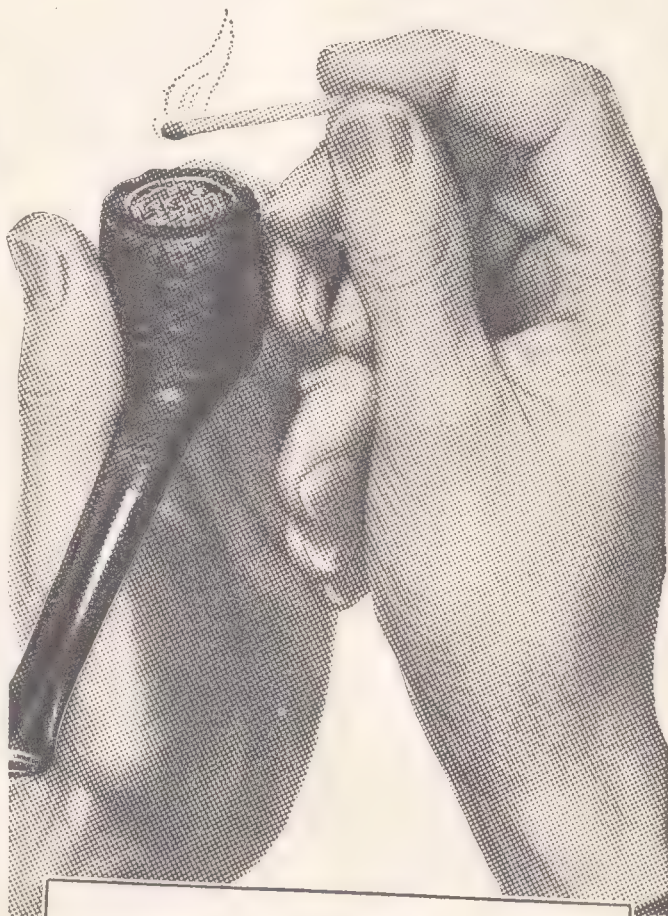
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industry has developed and what a menace it must represent to the old-style bespoke tailor.

**At a Glance**

One of the great advantages of ready-mades is that they enable the customer to see at a glance just how he will look in a garment. Very few of us, examining a length of cloth (meanwhile endeavouring to look knowledgeable as to its quality) are capable of visualizing its appearance when made up. The scientifically-worked-out range of fittings, moreover, is extremely helpful; if you are lucky enough to be of "average" figure, or near it, you can obtain surprisingly good results. The older types, however, are not quite so likely to attain their ideal. Those extra inches of circumference in proportion to height, that slight stoop, the uneven shoulder your tailor has never even mentioned—such little details make a lot of difference. But the younger fellow, loose-limbed and slim, finds ready-mades excellent; he gets just the easy-fitting "drape" he likes without all the bother of "try-ons." Small wonder that hosts of men who would never dream of buying lounge suits or formal attire "off the peg" are quite content to equip themselves with sports jackets and other *negligé* wear in this way.

**A New Shirt**

I have just been trying out a novel type of sports garment which is claimed to be the first man's shirt to be marketed in Britain with a special "four-way"

collar. The idea is highly ingenious, achieving its objects by means of a zip fastener extending to the top of the collar. Various adjustments give a roll "polo" neck; closed neck for wearing with tie; closed neck without tie; and ordinary open neck. In each of these positions the collar rolls perfectly and "sits" correctly round the neck. The shirt, I should add, has a three-quarter length square-cut skirt with side vents, thus allowing it to be worn inside or outside the trousers. Made in winter-weight wool-and-cotton mixture, guaranteed colour-fast and unshrinkable, it is available in attractive check patterns of yellow-brown-red; green-brown-orange; and grey-maroon-green. If these are not quite your fancy you can have "autumn shades"—blue haze, fall brown, country green, and red earth. As the colourful names suggest, these are very pleasing. The cuffs are provided with two buttons, and can be adjusted for width; the breast-pocket has a flap. Prices range from about 31s. 6d. for plain colours to 33s. 6d. for checks. I think these admirable new-style shirts—made by a famous British firm—will prove extremely popular.

**American Ways**

Whenever, in all good faith, I quote some startling statement from reputable American journals as to masculine ways and fashions, numerous kindly subscribers in the States write in warning me that most of these stories are

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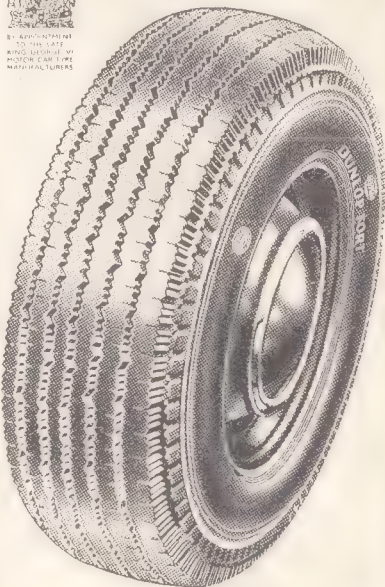
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## MALAYA HOUSE

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LONDON, W.C.2

Telephone: WHitehall 9837  
Telegrams: Malawakil, London

the merest "ballyhoo"—subtle methods employed by enterprising manufacturers and traders to attract the attention of the public to their wares. My correspondents should know the facts, of course, but if their information is correct the newspaper articles referred to become even more extraordinary, for one cannot imagine sensible people being favourably impressed, or persuaded to make purchases, by some of the stories published. Let us take one example. Some time ago the American pyjama-manufacturers, according to certain newspapers, became worried about the falling demand for their products. They therefore organized a national survey entailing the interviewing of thousands of

men, who were cross-examined as to their slumber-wear. (Just imagine, incidentally, what would happen to any team of "snoopers" who set out on such a campaign in *this* country !)

### "In the Raw"

The inquiry is alleged to have revealed the shocking fact that 58 per cent. of males unblushingly confessed they went to bed "in the raw"; a much smaller percentage stated they wore either the coat or trousers of pyjamas, but never both. The men who slept naked explained that they preferred nudity, considering any sort of garments effeminate. Asked what *they* thought of this distressing business, numerous wives replied that they didn't like it, but had failed to persuade their hubbies to adopt modern ways.

### Advice to Brides

Inexpressibly startled, the pyjama manufacturers held numerous meetings, and eventually the director of their association (with what strikes one as a distinct lack of humour), issued a statement advising brides to insist upon their husbands retiring to rest conventionally clad. "Put your foot down at the very start," he warned, "otherwise you'll never get them out of bad habits." He went on to recommend the ladies to give their spouses attractive-looking pyjamas as presents, adding that a tactful way of introducing the gift to hubby's notice would be to place it on his bed! A widespread advertising campaign was also embarked upon: I hope,



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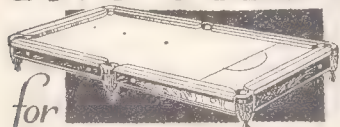
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after all this well-meant effort, it had the desired effect! Perhaps some of our American readers will be good enough to let me know whether this is merely another case of "ballyhoo," and not to be taken seriously, or whether it represents the way things are sometimes done on their side of the Atlantic.

### Electric Dry-shavers

Some time ago I mentioned that electric dry-shavers call for an entirely new technique; one cannot hope for really satisfactory results until one has taken the trouble to acquire it. Now a Cornish correspondent emphatically endorses my remarks. "It is extraordinary to note," he writes, "how many men fail to realize they are handling something entirely novel; for the first time in their lives they are going to *clip* the bristles off instead of *shaving* them. This calls for special methods, but some folk are too old-fashioned, or too lazy, to attempt to learn them. When their first amateurish essays yield indifferent results (as might be expected), they lay the shaver aside in disgust, declaring its performance to be inferior to that of the safety razor. This is really quite ridiculous; one wouldn't expect to be able to skate perfectly a few hours after buying one's first pair of skates!

### Worth the Trouble

"My own initial experiments with an electric shaver were the reverse of encouraging, but I told myself that the makers would never have laid out so much capital and gone

to so much trouble to turn out a thing that did its job badly; the fault must lie with *me*! I therefore made up my mind to study the instructions carefully and stick to the business until I mastered it. It took me several weeks, but eventually I got the hang of it, and now I wouldn't dream of going back to 'safeties'! The texture and appearance of my skin have improved out of all knowledge; I never 'nick' myself or develop soreness; and I believe I actually save time owing to the elimination of lathering, etc. What one has to do is to forget all about one's former methods, and set out to pick up the 'knack' of this new implement with the determination to succeed. Take it from me that it can be done. Moreover, it is well worth the trouble, for once you're an expert, shaving loses all its old-time irritations and becomes a real pleasure!"

### Enterprising!

Last summer I mentioned a preparation which, in addition to polishing brown shoes, possessed the quality of covering or obliterating disfiguring stains, improving the colour and renewing the youth of one's footwear. A South African reader, who found it very satisfactory, now informs me that he has discovered a novel use for this leather-renovator. He writes: "My wife needed a showcase in which to exhibit a few curios she had collected. Stored in our attic we had an old case of this type, but the

# WHAT happens when YOU SPEAK

**DO YOU** hum - and - har and stumble in search of words?

**DO YOU** gape and gulp and become tongue-tied with embarrassment?

**DO YOU** shout, (or whisper) all the time without tonal variety or interest?

**DO YOU** lose your point and miss your climax?

**DO YOU** get worse and worse as you feel your listeners getting more and more bored?

**DO YOU** forget what you meant to say, as soon as you're on your feet?

or

**DO YOU** marshal your arguments logically and convincingly?

**DO YOU** impress your listeners by forceful, calm reasonableness, punctuated by the right emphasis at the right place?

**DO YOU** reply to critics or enquirers without losing your self-possession—or your temper?

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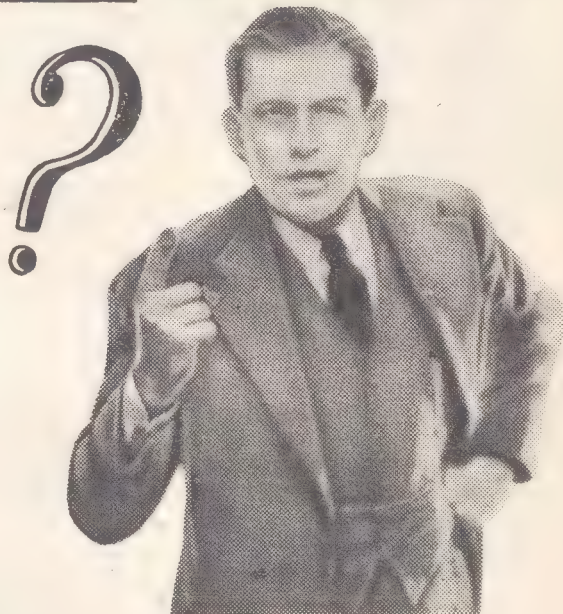
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Name .....  
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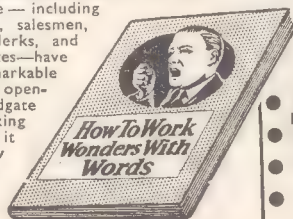
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varnish had long since peeled off and it was much too disreputable for display. Having examined it, I decided to give it a good scraping and cleaning-up with glass-paper preparatory to attempting a little amateur French polishing. Having got it nice and smooth, I suddenly bethought myself of the shoe-stain you recommended, and experimented with a little on a brush. It looked so good that I decided to continue. Having given the first coat a day or two to sink in, I then applied another, proceeded as before, and finally polished it up with a flannel. I was able to get a lovely colour, and a brilliant sheen superior to anything possible with wax or varnish. The erstwhile

shabby old case now occupies a place of honour in our lounge, and looks like a brand-new article. I am ordering a dozen tins of the preparation for other jobs!"

### The "Good Old Days"

Here is a very interesting letter just to hand from one of the lads in Korea. Looking through a batch of magazines some kind soul had sent out for the troops, he came upon a veteran copy—still in perfect condition—of the **WIDE WORLD**, dated September, 1914. "We all found it very interesting," he writes, "and some of the fellows who read it remarked with astonishment: 'This was printed before I was born!' Personally, I was greatly struck with the prices mentioned in the advertisements, some of which I enclose for your inspection. They are certainly a striking commentary on the 'cost of living' problem!"

### Bargains!

These announcements, mostly inserted by well-known firms, read very strangely to-day. One house offers a made-to-measure lounge suit, in Scotch tweed or pure Botany wool yarn, at 42s.; a leading shoe-manufacturer is willing to supply all-leather golf or walking shoes for 10s. 6d. a pair; a roomy lounge chair is obtainable at from 23s. to 36s., according to length of seat; a celebrated linen house advertises collars at 6d. each; and a familiar brand of 'baccy' is priced at 4½d. per ounce! All very tempting, aren't they?

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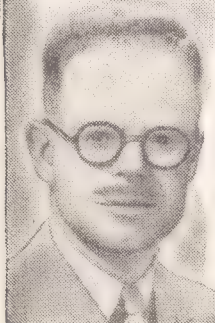


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### A Great Discovery

Since I first referred to those wonder-working little pellets of "activated" chlorophyll which sweeten the breath and magically destroy—not merely remove—mouth and body-odours, there has been an enormous awakening of interest in the subject, and the makers have now produced a toothpaste incorporating chlorophyll. This not only fulfils the normal functions of a dentifrice, but eliminates harmful acid-producing bacilli, tones up the gums, and banishes all objectionable odours. I have found it extremely pleasant to use; the sensation of healthy freshness created in one's mouth is very noticeable.

### A Sweeping Statement

Have you ever noticed the curious way in which some statement you consider altogether too sweeping acts as a mental irritant? It continually recurs to mind; every now and again you yearn to challenge it. Here is an example of the sort of thing I mean. Quite a long time ago an acknowledged authority in the safety-razor industry mentioned, in the course of a talk on the radio, that the stropping of blades was a mere waste of time; no amount of amateur attention could restore their original keenness of edge once this had been destroyed by use. The remark struck me as good "sales talk"—exactly what one would expect from anyone concerned with maintaining the sales of a mass-produced article, which is always a bit of a problem. Razor-blade

manufacturers, one readily realizes, must be distinctly annoyed with the frugal-minded fellow who contrives to keep a single blade in service for an unconscionable time. He isn't playing the game; how does the miscreant expect *them* to be able to live?

### Human Ingenuity

Nevertheless, I was left with a feeling, as the result of my own lengthy experience with these ingenious little slips of steel, that the claim was not 100 per cent. accurate from the ordinary man's point of view. It might represent what may be called the strictly scientific or laboratory angle, but took no account of human ingenuity and idiosyncrasy. Moreover—quite understandably—it showed bias; its author naturally wasn't anxious to have the customers getting into the habit of making blades last indefinitely, and readily accepted the assurance of his experts that research proved such efforts to be futile.

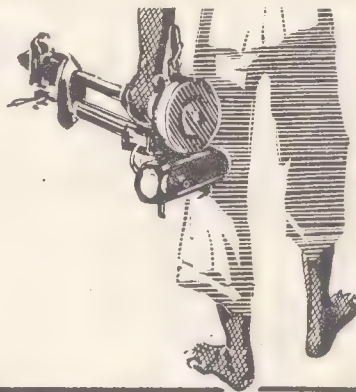
### The Opposite View

Now, after quite a long interval, the "stropping is useless" story has cropped up once more, but this time a reader who evidently shares my opinion refutes it from his own experience—oddly enough, with a mechanical stropper I originally described in these notes many, many years ago. Holidaying in Switzerland a couple of years ago, he says, he saw the device being demonstrated and bought one. When he arrived home he hunted out a box of old blades, dis-

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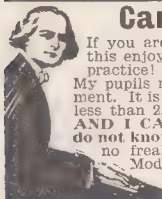


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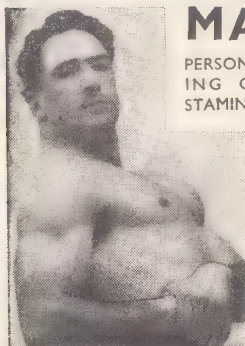
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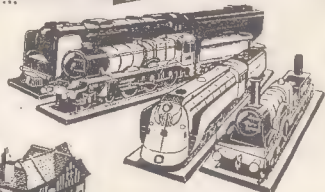
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*The Captain*

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